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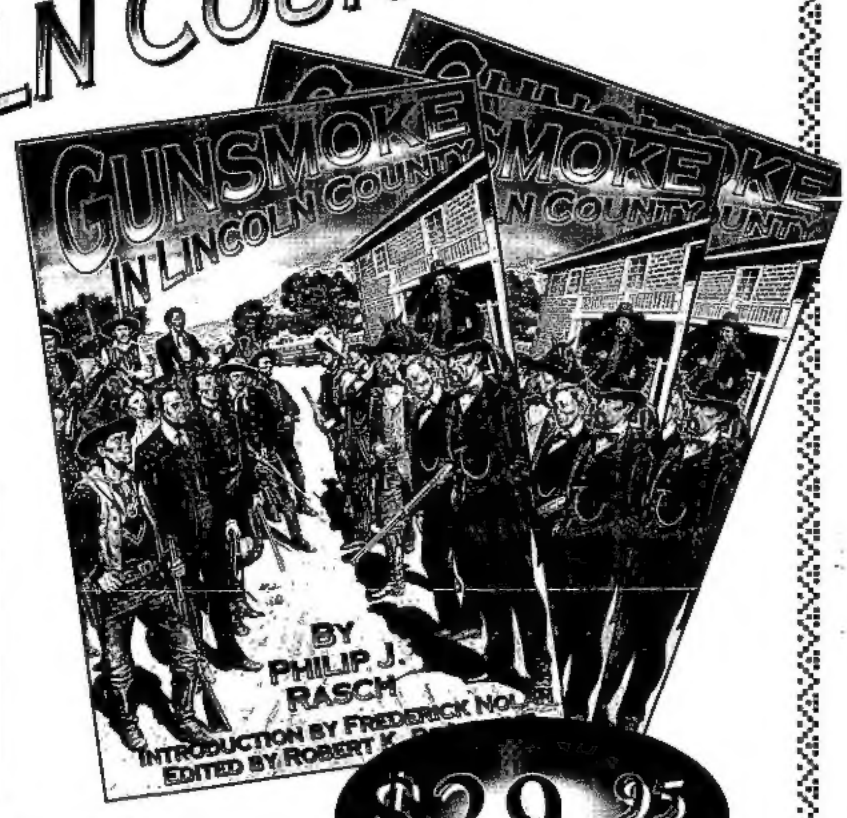

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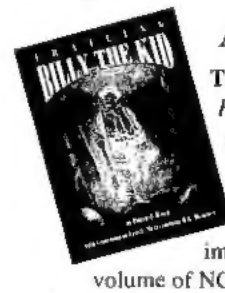

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During one of his enlistments, Sam became a machine gunner, a profession he practiced in a number of Latin American revolutions. As a member of Pancho Villa's celebrated Golden Guards, he was pointed out by Villa as the only American he trusted. But Dreben was also a chief scout for Pershing when he led an expedition into Mexico to capture or kill Villa after the bandido raided Columbus, New Mexico. In all Sam fought under ten different flags.

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By Don Chaput

George Goodfellow was a medical professional, not only at home in the primitive operating facilities of Tombstone and Bisbee, but also in lecture halls and prestigious hospitals of San Francisco and Los Angeles. His medical daring-do and accomplishments led to appointments, such as the first Arizona Territorial Health and Quarantine Officer, chief surgeon to the Southern Pacific Railroad, and during the Spanish-American War, in Cuba, he was personal physician to General William Shafter.

For those familiar with Goodfellow's name, "surgeon to the gunfighters" is probably the phrase that first comes to mind. This he was, par excellence, for he performed surgery on dozens of gunshot victims, results of saloon brawls, mining claim affrays, or quarrels between dueling cowboys and townsfolk in Bisbee, Tucson, and Tombstone. He operated successfully on U.S. Deputy Marshal Virgil Earp, but could only watch as Morgan Earp died of gunshot wounds on a Tombstone billiard hall floor.

Goodfellow was always in the middle of action. When a literary society was formed in Tombstone, he was one of the founders. When new mining or ranching properties were being developed, Goodfellow was on hand as a participant or as a surgeon. He was familiar with every gambling hall in Tombstone and Tucson, and not as an onlooker. George drank, gambled, had affairs, and was occasionally involved in fist fights — once in a stabbing.

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THE DEVIL HAS FORECLOSED: The Private Journal of George Whitwell Parsons, Volume II The Concluding Arizona Years, 1882-1887

Feb. 1997 publication

Transcribed, edited, annotated, and indexed by Lynn R. Bailey

By 1883 the chronicler of Tombstone's turbulent years, George Whitwell Parsons, was no longer a tenderfoot. He was a knowledgeable mining man, savvy to the rigors and dangers of frontier living. His transition from San Francisco banker to diehard frontiersman is evident in his journals from 1883 until he left Arizona early in 1887. Here, for the first time in published form, is presented Parsons' struggles in Sonora, first trying to establish a quartz mill, then eking out an existence managing a company store in Nacosari, and finally plunging into gold mining in the nearby mountains which bankrupted him and forced his return to Tombstone.

Like Parsons, Tombstone was about to undergo adverse times, and fortunately George was there to record events. A rapid succession of calamities brought economic chaos to the town: mines were flooded, a bank collapsed, newly-installed pumping equipment failed, miners struck, and the price of silver fell forcing a shutdown of mining. If that was not enough, burning of the Grand Central hoist brought Tombstone to its knees. As George observed, it looked like the Devil had foreclosed.

There is more in this journal than just Tombstone's tribulations. Parsons gives his personal views upon Apache raiding, the merits of George Crook versus Nelson Miles. He was on hand to witness the introduction of heliograph to military operations and watched as members of Geronimo's band straggled toward Fort Bowie. His account of events along the Sonoran border, ranching activities in the Sulphur Spring Valley, and mining at Arivaca are incomparable. If you have Parsons' earlier journal you'll want this volume. This book is designed as a companion volume to *A Tenderfoot In Tombstone*, 6 x 9-inch format, 275 pages, printed endsheets and dust jacket in color. Augmenting the text are two interviews of George Parsons relative to events transpiring in the journal. As this edition is limited to 750 copies we suggest you reserve your's now. **Price: $36.95**

BOSQUE REDONDO: The Navajo Internment at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, 1863-68

March 1997 publication

By Lynn R. Bailey

The scorched earth policy of General James H. Carleton and Kit Carson destroyed Navajo subsistence, broke up family units, and brought quick results. Within months more than 8,000 Indians had surrendered to be carted and marched to Fort Sumner upon the Pecos River in east-central New Mexico. There, upon a forty mile square reserve known as Bosque Redondo, tribesmen lived for nearly five years. From 1863 until 1868 they obeyed military dictates as Carleton attempted to alter social structure and train tribesmen to live and interact like Pueblo peoples. However, this pastoral people, who had lived for generations in family groups, possessed no patterns for communal living on the scale envisioned by the military. The result was that regimentation created social stress that manifested itself in numerous ways, ranging from physical conflict among tribesmen, abandonment of the reservation by some Indians, and escapism through the practice of witchcraft. Adding to the pain of social upheaval and isolation, the Navajos suffered disease and starvation, as well as from raids by Plains Indians. In the end, the entire experiment collasped and the Navajos pleaded to be returned to their homeland.

From voluminous records of the U.S. Army and the Office of Indian Affairs, Mr. Bailey has drawn the documentation to detail a fascinating period of Navajo history. He does not stop there; reasons for the success of the Carleton-Carson campaign are presented, the several routes of the so-called Long Walk are traced, and social upheaval at Bosque Redondo is explored in light of current knowledge, as is army and civilian ineptitude, and the struggle between military leaders and Office of Indian Affairs officials for control of Indian policy. This attractive hard cover book is produced in 5½ x 8½ -inch format, contains 275 pages, 20 photos, maps and diagrams, notes, bibliography, and index. Dust jacket in color. Edition limited to 1,000 copies. **Price: $26.95**

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TRUE WEST

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From the Editor

Howdy, ya'll!

There's nothing I hate more than when the editor of a magazine uses the editorial column to tell the readers what's in that particular issue. That's what the contents page is intended for.

Now before ya'll start knottin' my noose, I'll be the first to plead guilty to doing just that in this issue. The reason is simple: Billy the Kid. Again.

Half of the mail we get has the words, "no more Billy the Kid" hidden in it somewhere, and I understand the feeling. How would you like to come to work surrounded by Billy everyday? His smirk mocks me from every wall and bookshelf in our office, like Poe's Raven.

But I also have to consider that new readers, young students, and those just gaining interest in Western history have never heard the more common tales, such as Billy, Butch, Wyatt, and so on.

This July being the 116th anniversary of the Kid's death at the hands of Pat Garrett, I thought we should travel the Billy trail once more. I've enlisted Garrett biographer Leon Metz to refresh our memories on the Kid's, and Garrett's, chapter in history. As usual, Leon did a superb job of cutting through the "Billy bull" and telling the tale. Nothing more, nothing less. So if you are well-acquainted with William H. Bonney, or if you have never heard of the thieven' little cowboy, sit back and enjoy Leon's story. It's a good 'un.

We've got a new member of the Western Publications family.

Now if you've ever called us to order a book or renew your *True West* subscription (which you should do often), then you know that we're a pretty small operation here. We all take turns answering the phones and making coffee, and when you call it's not uncommon that the frazzled voice on the other end is mine. You can usually tell who you have on the phone by the voice. The voice of authority and reason, not unlike your older brother, is Steve; the sing-song voice that makes ya smile is Linda; the classic country gal would be Charlotte; the southern drawl peppered with "sir" and "ma'am" is David; and of course, the Okie accent bursting with laughter is Chuck's.

If you're one of the lucky ones to call and hear a happy voice as sweet as soda pop on the other end, chances are you've been talking to Laura. She's Charlotte's daughter-in-law and has the unenviable task of working in the same office as me and Chuck. She laughs at our jokes and puts up with our sour manners, but I believe she secretly wishes she could work far away from us.

For the past year Laura has been working the phones, filling book orders, and making sure your magazines don't end up in Tierra del Fuego instead of your mailbox. Amazingly, she's never skipped a beat although she has been pregnant for a good chunk of the time she's been here. Not any more.

Makaila Marie Brown, a dark-haired beauty who stole my heart straight away on first sight, arrived safe and sound on April 8. Gramma Charlotte is so proud she's about to pop, but Laura, well, she's just plain tired. The toll of taking care of a new baby, going to college, and keeping things straight here at the office have just about pushed her to the limit. But, Laura is a Oklahoma girl in the traditional sense and doing a fine job all around.

So next time you call Western, if a sweet gal answers the phone and starts snoring in the middle of your order, don't worry. She's not ignoring ya...she's just a might busy these days.

Marcus Huff

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WEST SKETCH

BY ADAM WALLENTA

THE TOMBSTONE SAGA: PART II.

SUMMER 1880, COCHISE COUNTY, TERRITORY OF ARIZONA—Ill feelings between the Earps and local ranchers begin to evolve when Virgil and Wyatt Earp travel to the McLaury ranch on the trail of stolen government mules. In October, a friend and rustling partner of the McLaurys', Curly Bill Brocius, practices the cowboy tradition of drunkenly shooting at the night sky. Confronted by Tombstone Marshal Fred White, Brocius "accidently" discharges his pistol, shooting White in the groin. Wyatt Earp arrives on the scene, clubs Brocius with a pistol and takes the cowboy into custody. White dies from his wound two days later. Brocius is acquitted of any wrongdoing, but harbors no love for the Earps.

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HOWDY, YA'LL...

I agree with your answer to the fellow about your use of "Howdy, ya'll." If more people were friendly like you, this world would be a happier place. In my opinion, you are "a pardner to ride the range with."

There is an old saying: "Some people would gripe if they were hanged with a new rope!" Keep up the good work.—*William House, Port Townsend, Washington.*

I would like to comment on your covers, crossword, and use of "Howdy, ya'll." They are great!

Readers who don't like them can go bark up a different tree.—*Dale Kruthoff, Turlock, California.*

Unsolved Billy

I saw an "Unsolved Mysteries" program on Billy the Kid, and a man came forth in the 1950s claiming to be Billy.

He stated that Pat Garrett shot his buddy Billy Barlow and buried him instead. Was this person really Billy the Kid?—*R.C. Dyer, Sublimity, Oregon.*

Editor's Note: In reference to both Frank J. Dalton and Brushy Bill Roberts, I think John Joerschke said it best: "Buffalo chips!"

Another Mystery

I have been a Billy the Kid enthusiast for many years, and have quite a collection of material on him.

In regard to "Lost Gun of Billy the Kid" in the May 1997 "Answer Man" column, Charles Siringo mentioned the Kid's gun in his *History of Billy the Kid*. "at his right hand lay a Colt's 41 caliber pistol and at his left a butcher knife.

"During the following spring in the town of Lincoln, the sheriff auctioned off the Kid's saddle, and the blue-barrel, rubber-handled, double action Colt's .41 pistol...[to] deputy county clerk, Billy Burt, who got it for $13.50. It's actual value was about $12.00."

If what Siringo says is true, it rules out the pistol in Sander's Museum. That pistol is nickel plated with ivory grips. A closer look at Billy Burt may offer a clue. Enjoy the magazines very much.—*William Blanch, Miami, Florida.*

Editor's Note: Charles Siringo, although a fixture in Lincoln County and the West, tended to fill the gaps of the Kid's legend with tales too good to be true. I think this is one of those tales.

Ben Lilly

Thank you for having John Sweet's story on Ben Lilly in the March 1997 issue of *True West.*

I have been reading about Mr. Lilly since the early 1950s and must say Sweet's story was the most readable and factual ever.

I own copies of Lilly's "lost" manuscript and what I believe is his .33 caliber Winchester.

Let's have more hunting stories of famous old timers that are as well written as John Sweet's!—*Glenn Overstreet, North Fork, California.*

I have enjoyed *True West* for many, many years. The March issue featured many of my favorite type of stories—human interest. I have often wondered what has been written about Ben Lilly since I discovered a few things about him while attending Western New Mexico University in Silver City, New Mexico, in 1957. Your article con-

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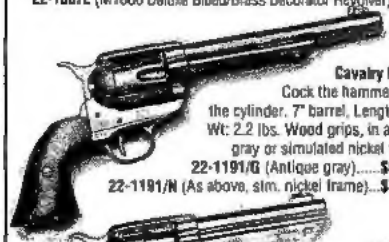

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firmed all the stories I heard back then.

Your magazines are the only thing I read cover-to-cover.—*Jack Reinholt, via the Internet.*

I sure enjoy your magazine and have since 1953. I hope you'll have enough stories to keep publishing forever.

In the March issue there is an article about Ben Lilly that I enjoyed very much. Is there any way I can contact Mr. Sweet to learn more about Mr. Lilly?—*Juel Storstad, Manvel, North Dakota.*

Editor's Note: I'll pass your address on to John Sweet just as soon as I can, Mr. Storstad. As for running out of stories, "not likely Mary Ann!" I've got a file cabinet full of 'em and more arrive in the old mail pouch every day.

I'm sure glad you like the hunting stories. I did my best to tree another good one for this issue. Check out "The Last Grizzly" by Gayne C. Young in this month's "Wild Old Days."

Old Times Not Forgotten

Upon my recent return here from Chicago, I found a once familiar sight before my eyes. My heart leaped with joy when I beheld that *True West* logo that was once familiar on newsstands throughout the land.

As much made this old writer yearn for the day when *True West* could be seen here, there, and everywhere. At that time, 1958, three out of four of the shows on television focused on the West. In an earlier time the glow of television had all but ended the "pulp magazines."

You no doubt know that pulp writer Joe Small refused in that discouraging time to "hang up his guns." He instead began *True West* on a shoestring budget and hit pay dirt.

The success of *True West* awakened the East Coast publishers who had been dozing at their desks.

Those at Fawcett, then among the greatest of all publishing houses, came *wide awake.* They rushed *True Western Adventures* into publication. They reprinted some western stories from *True* magazine, and paid leading writers top rates to write their stories, but their *True Western Adventures* could never overtake Joe Small's *True West.* Not by any means!

Several factors contributed to their, and others', failure to match Hosstail Small's success. Not the least of which was that Joe Small realized controversy sells—and sells well!

Small encouraged readers to "Let'er Rip" in regard to controversial characters and issues. *True Western Adventures* did not publish such readers' letters.

In back issues of your fine magazine you will find that readers were kept guessing, guessing, guessing—like the viewers of Saturday matinee serials—as to what would transpire next in the letter section.

And now, in the very fine magazine that you maintain, I noticed the editorial which revolves around controversial photographs of the Old West.—*Sam Henderson, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

Editor's Note: Mr. Henderson wrote "Tom Mix: Frontier Lawman" for the January 1963 issue of *True West.*

Taking Stock With Our Paper

I certainly like your magazine. The stories are very informative and entertaining. My favorite parts are the columns and pictures. Which brings me to the one dislike I have. Could you please, please bring back the coated paper instead of the newsprint?

After being a pressman for many years, I realize coated paper is really expensive, but I think it would be more than worth it to pay a little more at the bookstore for the coated paper.

However, whatever happens, I still will remain a loyal reader.—*Brian Blankenburg, via the Internet.*

Editor's Note: When I first signed on to work for Western Publications

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I shared the same dislike for our paper as you, Brian. But then I noticed something about our mags that few share. Glossy paper is cold to the touch while ours is warm, kinda like a good pair of boots or a friendly handshake. Besides, if we changed paper now we would have to give up the claim of being the "last great pulp western" on the newsstand. Ya'll don't want that now, do ya?

A Good Deed Noticed

There comes a time in life when one has to part with some of their treasures. My stack of *True West* was donated to a new Mississippi Veteran's Home at Koscimsko, Mississippi.

One issue I did keep. It was the most eye-catching cover that I have ever seen on any publication. Thanks, Mr. Gary Zaboly. Is there a printing of that can be purchased of the December 1995 issue?

I do enjoy my *True West*. At the nursing home, a nurse looking at a *True West* said, "my husband will be down here reading these."—*Henry G. Waggoner, Raymond, Mississippi.*

Editor's Note: Although we don't have prints of our recent cover art for sale, I advise you to keep an eye on your mailbox, Mr. Waggoner.

We here at *True West* believe that anyone that gives up something they enjoy for the benefit of others deserves something special. I have a feeling you will give the original December 1995 cover a good home.

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. E-mail us at, Western@cowboy.net. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

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Although a relatively new state, Oklahoma's history goes deeper than the red sandstone it was founded on. This summer the Sooner state's history will be celebrated with a score of activities ranging from Indian Powwows and wild west shows to Civil War battles and cattle drives.

If traveling to Oklahoma for any reason in the coming months, visitors are encouraged to experience its heritage and to participate in all of the following events:

Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show

A rip-roarin', rough ridin', whip poppin', shoot 'em up, good time will be had by all this summer when The Pawnee Bill Ranch Association and the Oklahoma Historical Society present the Original Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show in Pawnee, Oklahoma.

Held six straight Saturdays from June 28 to August 2, the wild west show features historically accurate trick riders, Annie Oakley-style performances, Indian dancers, and much more. The show kicks off with a parade from downtown Pawnee to the Pawnee Bill Ranch, the site of the evening performances.

Admission prices are $7.00 for adults and $2.00 for children ages seven to twelve. Children six and under are admitted free.

For more information on the Pawnee Bill Wild West Show, call the Pawnee Chamber of Commerce at (918) 762-2108.

130th Anniversary of the Chisholm Trail

The Chisholm Trail Historical Museum in Waurika, Oklahoma, will be celebrating the history of the famous cattle trail with a two-day festival, June 7-8. Festivities include craft demonstrations, pioneer costume contests, historic tours, territorial food, and a one-act melodrama depicting the history of the area. For more information call (405) 963-2471.

The Chisholm Trail Museum in Kingfisher, Oklahoma, will be marking the trail's anniversary by burying a time capsule on the museum grounds June 28. The capsule will be opened in 2067, the bicentennial of the Chisholm Trail. Historic programs and other activities are planned as well. For more information call (405) 375-5176.

Native American Dancing and Art

Traditional Indian dancing will be the highlight of the 46th Annual Tulsa Powwow at the Tulsa Fairgrounds, June 6-8. One of the largest Native American gatherings in Oklahoma, the Tulsa Powwow features dance competitions, arts and craft displays, children's events, and authentic food. For more information call (918) 838-3207.

Oklahoma City's Myriad Convention Center will play host to the Red Earth Native American Cultural Festival, June 13-15. The largest event of its kind, Red Earth features dance competitions, art shows and sales, parades, and authentic Indian food. For more information call (405) 427-5228.

The Cherokee Heritage Center, Tahlequah, Oklahoma, hosts the Outdoor Drama at Tsa-La-Gi, which recounts the history of the Cherokees and their removal from Georgia to Indian Territory. Amphitheater performances will be presented June 30-August 16. For more information call (918) 456-6007.

Pawnee, Oklahoma, welcomes home its Native American veterans at the annual Pawnee Indians

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Veterans Homecoming Powwow held July 3-6 at the Pawnee Fairgrounds. This ceremony honors the braves and warriors who died in battle, and those who returned. Activities include traditional gourd dancing, a downtown parade, and evening dance competitions. For more information call (918) 762-2108.

1997 NOLA Rendezvous

Commonly referred to as NOLA, the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History is a non-profit educational and historical organization dedicated to exploring and preserving the history of the American West.

Since NOLA was founded in 1974, the group has grown to be the largest such Old West history organization in the nation. Its members receive regularly scheduled newsletters and a quarterly publication of history. The annual NOLA Rendezvous, held each July, is one event an Old West enthusiast never wants to miss.

The Park Inn in Killeen, Texas, has been chosen as the rendezvous headquarters for July 1997. The conference will begin with an opening reception at the hotel the evening of Wednesday, July 23. Exhibits will be set up during the reception. Exhibit tables are $25.00 each. A special NOLA room rate of $55.00 is available for the rendezvous. Call 1-800-648-6551 for reservations.

Presentations by leading authors and historians will be given throughout the day, July 24, on Texas lawmen and outlaws. Friday's schedule includes field trips to the Texas Ranger's Museum and other points of interest in the region. The conference will close with the annual

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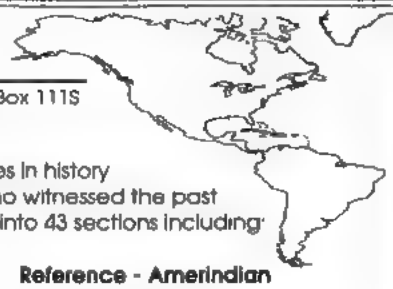

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evening awards banquet and auction on Saturday, July 26. Noted author and artist Bob Boze Bell will be the banquet speaker.

Registration for the rendezvous is $85.00 for singles if made before July 1. Registration is $95.00 thereafter. Registration for couples is $150.00 if made before July 1. Registration should be sent to NOLA, 1201 Holly Court, Harker Heights, Texas 76548. For more information call NOLA President Phillip Steele at (501) 751-2128, or Rick Miller at (817) 698-6518.

1997 WOLA Convention

The Western Outlaw-Lawman History Association, WOLA, will focus on Wyatt Earp and associates at its 1997 convention to be held in Dodge City, Kansas. WOLA will converge on the Dodge City Days Inn, July 16-19.

This year's convention will feature speakers, dealer displays, bus tours of Dodge City and the surrounding area, and a banquet. The convention's keynote speaker will be Karen Holliday Tanner, the closest living relative to John "Doc" Holliday. The convention will end with a one-man show presented by Wyatt Earp, a distant relative of the famous lawman.

Display tables for vendors are available for $35.00 each and may be reserved by calling (215) 721-1222. Registration for the WOLA Convention is $130 00 in advance. For room reservations, call the Dodge City Days Inn at 1-800-553-9901. A special $51.00 per night rate has been established for WOLA. For more information, write WOLA, PO Box 853, Hamilton, MT 59840.

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Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to, Western Roundup, Western Publications, P O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

Clements

Robert DeArment's article, "John Larn's Bloody Trail Drive," in the January 1997 *True West*, mentioned Delbert Clements. I am interested in more information on him, as he was my great-uncle.

Bluford Clements, his father, was born in Missouri in 1817. He is shown in the 1860 Texas Mortality Schedule as having drowned after being thrown from his buckboard.

I would also like information on Joe Richie, a distant relative who led a criminal's life in western Arkansas in the 1860s.—**Bill Cooper, 1378 N Hillcrest Drive, Lindsay, California 93247.**

Lindsay

I would like information on the Joe Lindsay family of Hale Center, Texas. I grew up with their son John, and the last time I saw him was in 1938. He was living with a cowboy named Reil Moody, who had just shot and killed his neighbor during an argument over land rights. John and his family were living in an old boxcar outside Cotton Center, Texas.—**Carl Roberson, 4215 Midlothian Court, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80909.**

Wales & Billings

I'm seeking any information on my grandmother and grandfather. My grandfather's name was Raymond Leslie Wales, and he was a lawman in Oklahoma, date unknown. My grandmother's name was Ines Billings, and she was born in Montana.—**Lavina Rafaele, HC32 Box 4685, Miles City, Montana 59301.**

Hatfield

I am looking for information on my grandmother, Minnie Horton Hatfield. She was born in the Cherokee Nation near Claremore, Oklahoma, in the 1880s or 1890s. An orphan, she was adopted by a white family named Horton. She lived in Noel, Missouri, but died in Fayetteville, Arkansas, in the 1970s. I would like information concerning her birth or adoptive family.—**Randal Hatfield, 414 Kennedy, Clyde, Texas 79510.**

Kidd

I am looking for information on a highwayman named Kidd, who, around 1910, murdered a Union Pacific conductor near Monida, Montana. My father's family lived in Montana from the 1870s until 1916, but I have no information on this particular Kidd.—**Alice Kidd, PO Box 4025, Gleed, Washington 98904.**

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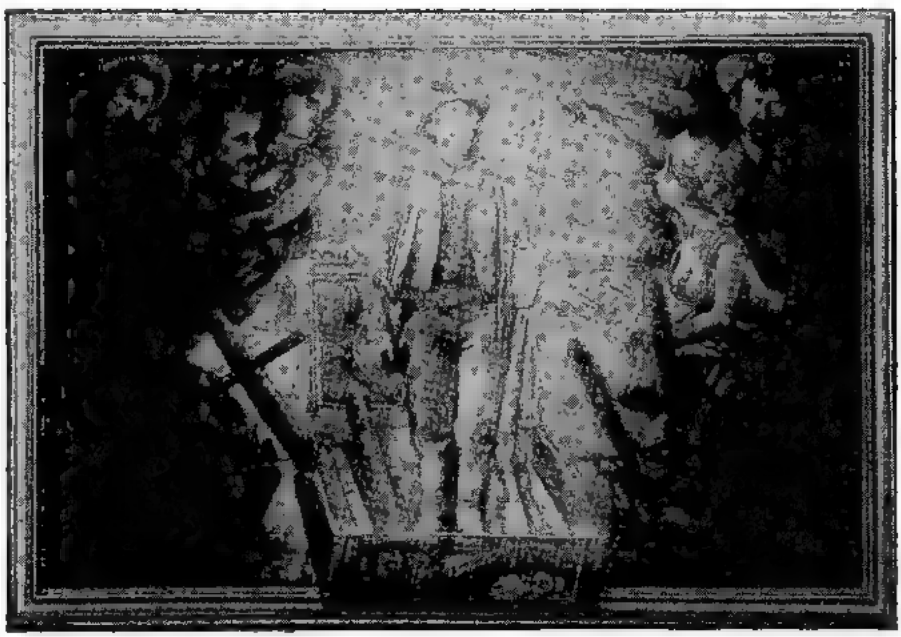

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Billy the Ki
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Nothing in the Wild West, not even the Gunfight at the OK Corral, quite equals the classic 1881 confrontation of Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett. The echoes linger, the disputes continue. People still wonder how the Kid lived, and how he died. They wonder if all those stories about him are true.

The best evidence places his birth in New York City. Other speculation points to Indiana and Illinois. An 1880 Fort Sumner, New Mexico, census quotes him as claiming Missouri. If the date of birth he gave was correct, it would make him twenty-four or twenty-five years old when he died instead of the fabled twenty-one. Incidentally, the census taker described his occupation as "one who works with cattle."

The Kid's real name was Henry McCarty, although he grew to prefer the tag, William Bonney. Who knows where that came from. Perhaps it stemmed from show business: Billy the Kid has zing to it. Henry the Kid has no pizzazz at all.

In 1870, the McCartys (Catherine the mother, Henry, and his five-year-younger brother, Joe) relocated to Wichita, Kansas. A year later the family moved to Denver, Colorado, because the mother had tuberculosis. On March 1, 1873, in Santa Fe, Territory of New Mexico, Catherine married William Antrim, a miner.

The family then migrated to Silver City, New Mexico, where young Billy grew up as Henry Antrim. While there is no data that Antrim abused his step-children, there is no confirmation of enlightened fatherhood either.

Depending upon whose version one accepts, Billy liked to sing and dance. He allegedly performed in minstrels.

As for Catherine, ailing and bedridden, she died in Silver City on September 16, 1872. Her boys were now on their own.

Joe disappeared, and Billy drifted. He and "Sombrero Jack" stole clothes from a Chinese laundryman. Billy went to jail, scaled a chimney, and shook the dust of Silver City for the Territory of Arizona.

He hung around the cavalry post of Camp Grant, occasionally working as a cowboy but making his living mostly by stealing horses. On August 17, 1877, he and a local blacksmith, Francis P. "Windy" Cahill, argued. Cahill reportedly called the Kid a pimp, and the Kid called Cahill a son-of-a-bitch. Both may have been correct. They tussled in George Atkins' Saloon. The Kid pulled a six-shooter from his trousers and shot Cahill in the belly. The blacksmith died the following day, and seventeen-year-old "Antrim, alias Kid" escaped. For a brief period Billy teamed up with thieves and gunmen operating in the Mesilla Valley near Mesilla, New Mexico, and led by an outlaw and rustler named John Kinney. The gunmen labeled themselves "The Boys." Gradually they drifted one hundred miles east, and took up residence in and about Lincoln.

The little borough of Lincoln, sandwiched alongside the Rio Bonito (Pretty River), and lying between the Capitan Mountains on the north and the Sacramento Mountains on the south, had the distinction of being the seat of one of the largest counties in the United States. Nevertheless, as towns go, Lincoln wasn't much, having only one main street.

Fort Stanton also perched on the Bonito, nine miles upstream from Lincoln. The cavalry fed, protected, placated, and occasionally fought the Mescalero Apaches on the south slopes of the Sacramento Mountains.

As the post provided subsistence to the soldiers and Indians, so it also did to Lincoln. In particular, it

By Leon C. Metz

Illustrations by Gary Zaboly

offered government contracts.

Retired military man Lawrence Murphy owned a huge adobe mercantile establishment in Lincoln, and his store specialized in those government contracts. It also bought and sold produce from Lincoln inhabitants. Residents called his place The House, meaning the House of Murphy. However, Murphy had an alcohol addiction, so supervision of The House and its activities shifted to his clerk, Jimmy Dolan. Among other things, Dolan controlled Sheriff William Brady.

Into this caldron stepped Alexander McSween and wife Susan. McSween was a shade tree attorney, as well as an occasional preacher. When Emil Fritz, a partner in The House, died in Germany, The House retained McSween to collect the Fritz insurance money. Circumstances surrounding that investigation and subsequent collection remain murky. The House never received any funds.

In the meantime, John Tunstall, wealthy sire of an English aristocrat, arrived in Lincoln. Tunstall and McSween plotted to build their own store, seek government contracts, and force The House to the wall.

Each side hired guns. The Boys sold theirs to The House. Billy the Kid and others supported Tunstall and McSween. Tunstall, incidentally, was not more than five or six years older than the Kid, and thus could never have been the father figure so often portrayed. Tunstall's letters to England made no mention of the youngster.

In February 1878, an exasperated House filed embezzlement charges against McSween. Since everyone considered McSween and Tunstall as partners, Sheriff Brady sought to confiscate Tunstall's horses at the Tunstall Ranch on the Penasco River, ten miles south of Lincoln.

Tunstall and his cowboys, including the Kid, farmer/rancher Dick Brewer, and others, drove nine horses toward Lincoln. Along the way, Brady's posse caught them. Tunstall's gunmen fled, whereas Tunstall himself paused to argue. The posse shot him dead, and the Lincoln County War had begun.

McSween thus became the figurehead leader of the Regulators, lawmen deputized by Lincoln Justice of the Peace John B. Wilson. The force ranged between ten and thirty men, but a dozen anglos, including the Kid, formed the core.

ON MARCH 6, eleven Regulators captured Billy Morton and Frank Baker, who may or may not have participated in Tunstall's slaying. On March 9, both men were shot dead. Each had eleven bullet holes in his body, one for each of the Regulators.

Slightly over three weeks later, on the morning of April 1, Sheriff William Brady and deputies Billy Mathews, George Hindman, George Peppin, and John Long walked down the main Lincoln street, posted a notice at the courthouse, and started back. As they passed opposite the Tunstall corral, eight rifles cracked. Brady fell dead, and Hindman died shortly afterwards. The Kid and Jim French leaped over the wall, apparently to get certain papers from the sheriff's pocket.

A rifle bullet from Billy Mathews ripped through the Kid's thigh, forcing the young gunman to retreat. The Regulators then disappeared, leaving behind two dead men, frightened citizens, and dogs lapping up the abundant blood.

Two days later, Andrew L. Roberts rode downstream along the Tularosa River toward Blazer's Mill, a series of adobe structures near the Mescalero Reservation but south across the Sacramento Mountains and fifty miles from the scene of the Lincoln County War. Roberts went by the name of Buckshot since he carried a load of it in his right shoulder. The Regulators had a warrant for his arrest, and they happened to be eating at the mill as Buckshot approached. Shooting started almost immediately. Charlie Bowdre put a bullet in Roberts' stomach, but Buckshot mangled Regulator Frank Coe's thumb and trigger finger with a wild shot. Roberts stumbled into a room, pulled a mattress from the bed and lay prone upon it in the open doorway. From across the hollow, Dick Brewer climbed atop a pile of logs and commenced firing. He raised up once too often, however, and Roberts put a bullet through his left eye. The Regulators gathered up their wounded, left Brewer where he lay, and vanished. As for Roberts, he died the next day. A carpenter buried Brewer and Roberts side by side.

John Copeland, not yet forty, a post butcher at Fort Stanton, became the next Lincoln County sheriff. When he failed to post bond within thirty days, Jimmy Dolan notified the proper authorities and Copeland went back to butchering. Thirty-nine-year-old George W. "Dad" Peppin became sheriff. He forced the Regulators from Lincoln. Meanwhile, the reclusive McSween again took tentative leadership of the Regulators. While the sheriff's posse hunted them in the mountains, the Regulators circled back into Lincoln and took refuge primarily in McSween's adobe house. Peppin learned of it. The five day Battle of Lincoln commenced on July 15.

Although Regulators outnumbered the deputies about sixty to forty, Lieutenant Colonel N.A.M. Dudley, commander of Fort Stanton, stationed troops where the Regulators could not fire without risk of hitting a soldier. One by one, the Regulators drifted away.

On the fifth day, someone set the McSween kitchen afire. All day long flames slowly consumed the rafters and floorboards.

With McSween practically prostrate, Billy the Kid rose to leadership. He rallied the fighters, and as darkness closed in, one at a time, they dashed for the river. The first to leave was McSween's law clerk. He didn't make it.

Billy the Kid shot his way to safety and disappeared in the Bonito thickets. Three others also made it. That left only McSween and a few supporters remaining inside. McSween called out, "Will you accept our surrender?"

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"Yes," came the answer.

However, gunfire commenced as victors and vanquished gathered in the plaza. It ended with a pile of dead in the yard. One was McSween. The Lincoln County War had ended with dramatic suddenness.

For awhile afterwards, Billy contented himself with rustling Panhandle cattle and selling them in Lincoln County. Meanwhile, when Sheriff Peppin failed at reelection, George Kimball replaced him. Kimball had little enthusiasm for prosecuting the Kid

In February 1879, Billy the Kid and The Boys declared peace among themselves and sealed their verbal pact with a handshake in Lincoln. To celebrate, they staggered from one saloon to another. In the process, they encountered lawyer Houston Chapman, retained by Susan McSween to prosecute the murderers of her husband. Billy Campbell shot Chapman dead, the powder blast setting his clothes afire. Billy the Kid to his credit, probably sober, distanced himself from this killing.

By now, Lew Wallace replaced Samuel Axtell as New Mexico territorial governor. Chapman's brutal death infuriated Wallace, so he and the Kid met in Lincoln on March 17 at the home of Squire Wilson. The governor promised the Kid immunity from prosecution if he would surrender and testify.

Billy accepted the offer. However, Wallace's promises were one thing, guarantees something else. Wallace hesitated to render ironclad assurances. Prosecutors talked of the Kid standing trial. Even Sheriff Kimball suspected the Kid had been betrayed, so he looked the other way when the Kid strolled out of the Lincoln County jail, climbed on his horse and left Lincoln. Once more Billy became a fugitive. It beat hanging.

Billy loitered around the Pecos River town of Fort Sumner, New Mexico, nearly a hundred miles northwest of Lincoln. With him were several outlaw friends, in particular Charlie Bowdre and Tom O'Folliard, farmers as well as young rowdies. Others were Dave Rudabaugh, Tom Pickett, and Doc Scurlock, although Scurlock soon returned to Texas. Most of these men resided in Fort Sumner, as did Pete Maxwell, the *jefe* (mayor or leader) of the community. Maxwell's sister, Paulita, was one of the Kid's numerous lady friends. Another girlfriend, Abrana Garcia, supposedly bore the Kid two daughters. Both children died in infancy.

In early 1880, Billy and Joe Grant, a local tough, caroused in a Fort Sumner saloon. Before things turned serious, the Kid examined the older man's six-shooter, noticed several empty chambers, and set the cylinder to fire on those first. When the guns of both parties did clear holsters, Grant never had a chance. He exited to the Fort Sumner cemetery.

Billy spent the next few weeks stealing livestock from cattle king John Chisum. White Oaks, a mining town forty miles west of Lincoln, proved a good community for disposing of stolen property, but a bad place to rile townspeople. A posse chased the Kid and several friends out of town and bottled them up in the Greathouse Ranch, a way station between Las Vegas and White Oaks. On the morning of November 17, 1880, posse member James Carlyle, a White Oaks blacksmith, went inside to discuss surrender terms. Hours later he jumped through a window, and died in a hail of gunfire. The Kid blamed the posse; the posse blamed the Kid. Whatever, the dispirited posse left in one direction, the Kid and his cohorts in another.

By now another figure had appeared in New Mexico. Pat Garrett was born in Alabama in 1850, grew up in Louisiana, and as a young man drifted onto the buffalo plains of Texas. While working with an outfitter named Skelton Glenn, he killed Joe Briscoe, a fellow buffalo hunter.

After being released by authorities, the six-foot four or five inch Garrett, his frame resembling a stove pipe rather than an ordinary individual, drifted into Fort Sumner and married Apolinaria Gutiérrez. Another sister, Celsa, had a now-and-then intimate relationship with Billy the Kid.

While stories exist of a close friendship between Garrett and the Kid, the facts tilt otherwise. The two men knew each other, but they were far too different ever to be friends, let alone buddies.

Billy the Kid could never be anything but an outlaw, whereas Garrett had dreams and ambitions. Pat began by campaigning for Lincoln County sheriff and defeating George Kimball. Garrett and his family moved to Lincoln.

Garrett swore to either capture or kill young Bonney, and to this end the territory, plus the citizens, fed up with the Kid's activities, generally gave their blessing. On December 13, 1880, Governor Wallace posted a newspaper reward of $500 for the Kid.

Suspecting the Kid would hang around Fort Sumner, Garrett gathered a posse and occupied the old hospital building on December 18. On the night of December 19, a posseman whispered, "they're coming."

During a brief gunfight, the lawmen shot and killed Tom O'Folliard. The other outlaws escaped.

Four days later, on December 23, at 3 or 4 AM, Garrett's deputies

Garrett swore to either capture or kill young Bonney, and to this end the territory, plus the citizens, fed up with the Kid's activities, generally gave their blessing.

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encountered the Kid, Tom Pickett, Charles Bowdre, Dave Rudabaugh and Billie Wilson—all sleeping in a one-room rock house.

The two men re-entered the courthouse and had reached the top of the stairs when Billy flashed a revolver.

At daybreak, Bowdre stepped outside, and the posse opened fire. Bowdre stumbled back inside the room, and fell. The Kid helped him up, slapped a revolver into his hand and yelled, "They've killed you Charlie, but maybe you can get a few of them." He then shoved Bowdre out the door. Charlie stumbled through the snow, crying "I wish, I wish." Then he collapsed and died.

That afternoon the remaining desperados surrendered. Garrett transported them by buckboard to Las Vegas. There a mob demanded David Rudabaugh for his part in a recent murder, but Garrett bullied the crowd and forced the train to chug for Santa Fe.

From his Santa Fe cell the Kid repeatedly wrote Governor Wallace and asked about immunity. No response arrived. The authorities then transferred Billy by train to Mesilla, New Mexico, where a court charged him with the federal crime of murdering Buckshot Roberts and the territorial crime of slaying Sheriff William Brady.

The bureaucracy dropped the Buckshot Roberts charge, and on April 8, 1881, Billy stood trial for Brady's death. Colonel Albert J. Fountain defended him, the attorney himself a controversial individual destined within fifteen years to become New Mexico's greatest

unsolved murder mystery.

A jury found Bonney guilty, and on April 13, 1881, Judge Warren Bristol asked the defendant if he had anything to say. The Kid said nothing. Bristol then ordered William Bonney to be taken by the sheriff to Lincoln, confined, and between the hours of nine and three, on May 13, "be hanged by the neck until his body be dead."

Heavily chained and guarded by seven riflemen, the Kid journeyed by wagon for five days to Lincoln. The authorities incarcerated him in the northeast room of the courthouse, on the second floor. No jail bars existed. Handcuffs and leg irons sufficed.

Deputies James Bell and Pecos Bob Olinger guarded him twenty-four hours a day. Historically, the likable Bell has come down as a well-meaning figure. Olinger, 200 pounds of muscle, correctly or incorrectly, is best remembered as a shotgun-carrying bully who repeatedly dared the Kid to make a run for it.

On April 28, two weeks before hanging day, Garrett visited White Oaks to collect taxes. Back in Lincoln, Billy played cards with Bell. Olinger placed his double-barreled shotgun in the weapons rack, and escorted five prisoners across the street to the Wortley Hotel for supper.

At this point, Billy requested a visit to the outdoor privy. What happened next is both clear and unclear.

The two men re-entered the courthouse and had reached the top of the stairs when Billy flashed a revolver.

Whether it had been hidden under the privy seat, or whether Bell carelessly allowed the Kid to wrestle away his own six-shooter, who can say. Either story is credible. Whatever, the Kid shot Bell, who stumbled down the stairs, out the door, and died in the arms of courthouse caretaker Godfrey Gauss. Meanwhile, Billy hobbled to the gun cabinet, grabbed Olinger's shotgun and headed for the window overlooking the Wortley Hotel.

Olinger, hearing the gunfire, suspected Bell had killed the Kid. Pecos Bob dashed across the street and conveniently halted beneath the window where Billy squatted. The desperado emptied thirty-six buckshot into his victim.

Garrett returned from White Oaks to find two deputies dead and the territory in an uproar. Billy the Kid had performed one of the West's most dramatic jailbreaks.

Everyone, including the sheriff, assumed the Kid would head for Mexico. The fact that he didn't proved to be the first careless mistake of the Kid's young life.

Who tipped off Garrett isn't precisely known, but the sheriff went to Roswell, New Mexico, deputized John Poe and Thomas K. "Kip" McKinney, and rode for Fort Sumner on July 10.

By the afternoon of the July 13, the lawmen were skirting around Sumner, trying to be incognito but still asking questions.

At near midnight, Garrett decided to question Pete Maxwell. Pete lived in a large adobe building with a porch and roof on three sides. A bright, full moon lit up the area, but it also created heavy shadows.

Garrett left his two deputies on the porch while he went inside, shook Maxwell awake, and sat on the edge of the mattress. The two men talked

Outside, a figure, snapping suspenders and buttoning trousers, came striding toward the deputies. The Kid did not notice them until both parties had practically closed with one another. The deputies did not recognize the Kid, and the Billy likely suspected the two men were friends of Maxwell.

In his hesitation, the Kid made his second mistake. He did not shoot first and ask questions later. Instead, he wheeled into the bedroom and asked Pete who the strangers were.

Then he made mistake number three. He noticed Garrett sitting on the edge of the bed, but did not recognize him due to the darkness. The Kid hoarsely whispered, *"¿Quién es?"* ("Who is it?"). But Garrett knew exactly who he was facing, recognizing both form and voice. He fired two quick shots, and dashed through the open door, screaming, "It's the Kid."

The deputies still didn't believe it until Maxwell came stampeding out, naked and dragging his bedclothes. One of the deputies pointed a gun, and Garrett knocked it aside, yelling, "For God's sake, don't shoot Maxwell."

Maxwell confirmed the Kid's presence, but nobody knew if Billy was wounded, playing possum, or dead. So the deputies placed lanterns on the porch, moved them around with sticks and rifle barrels until finally they could see a form sprawled on the floor. They went in, dragged it out, and identified it as Billy the Kid.

The Kid, dressed in an oversize shirt, was buried the following morning in the Fort Sumner cemetery. Since then the story has often circulated that Garrett killed someone else, palmed him off as Billy, and the Kid lived to an old age. Nonsense. Garrett shot the Kid dead, if for no other reason than a live Kid could not be counted on to disappear. However, whether or not Billy the Kid actually lies somewhere else in the graveyard, or under the present tombstone that bears his name, *"¿Quien Sabe?"*

Pat Garrett went on to bigger and better things, but nothing in his career overshadowed his killing of Henry McCarty, Kid Antrim, alias William Bonney, alias Billy the Kid. Oddly, although Garrett proved himself to be the better man, it is Billy the Kid that folks remember.

Garrett himself died twenty-seven years later on February 29, 1908, out in the desert near Las Cruces, New Mexico. A young cowboy named Wayne Brazel shot Garrett in the back of the head as the old manhunter stood behind a buckboard, urinating.

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The Immoral Queens of the Red Light District

By Marla Kiley • Illustrations by Dick Lee

When gold was struck in various locations across the western frontier, hundreds of men rushed to the sight, leaving their wives and families behind. The high cost of travel prevented the families from following soon after. However, these lonely mining men were not long without the opportunity for female companionship. No matter how rugged the terrain or remote the location, women of the night would mysteriously appear shortly after the first tent popped up. In many cases, the first white women in new settlements were what the rugged miners referred to as fallen angels, soiled doves, or calico queens.

Although this shady occupation was frowned upon by respectable society, these women forged a place in history with their legendary escapades. Several of these women were considered the unofficial hostesses of the budding mining communities. In each frontier town, at least one or two women earned enough money and notoriety to be considered the queen of her industry.

In 1849, the gold strike in California brought thousands of miners to the west coast. The men were not the only ones who came to seek their fortunes. In 1849, at the age of twenty-two, Belle Cora sailed into port from New Orleans with her gambling lover, Charles Cora, whose last name she added to her own without the formality of marrying him first. Within a few years, Belle became the city's most infamous painted lady. She was described as a voluptuous creature with hazel eyes, fair skin, and light brown hair.

According to her own account of her past, it began with a sad story of being turned out from her home after becoming pregnant by her childhood sweetheart. Her heartless lover had abandoned her after learning of her condition. After giving birth to a stillborn child, Belle claimed she was alone and friendless until a madam took pity on her and brought her to her home. The very first night she met Charles Cora and had known no other man since that day.

However, the less glamorous story is not as dramatic and is based more in reality. In her younger days, Belle and her sister had worked as seamstresses in Baltimore. Much of their business was making dresses for the women who worked in parlor houses. The sisters gave up the craft of sewing the clothes and chose to wear them instead. Belle eventually migrated down to Charleston, South Carolina. Somewhere between Charleston and New Orleans, she met and fell in love with Charles.

After working in various locations, Belle, sometimes called Bella, set up shop in a two story wooden house in the city of San Francisco. She left the outside of the house run down and dilapidated and worked on establishing a lavish interior. By employing the most beautiful girls and surrounding her clients in elegant opulence, she established herself as the leading parlor madam throughout the 1850s. Although Charles was not active in the business, he was never far from Belle. His occupation appeared to involve incurring large gambling debts and only occasionally hitting it big.

Belle threw extravagant soirees which were attended by every notable character in the city, including law officials, politicians, and just plain wealthy men. The respectable hostesses of the city were outraged when the males of society neglected their parties to attend one of Belle's. One such respectable party, thrown by the wife of United States Marshal William H. Richardson, may have sparked the beginning of

the end for Belle, Charles, and the decadence allowed in the previous decade.

The week after Mrs. Richardson's failed party, Belle and Charles attended the opening of a play. A strange twist of fate sat them behind the Richardsons. During intermission several men in the orchestra pit looked up at the Coras and exchanged smiles. Mrs. Richardson did not realize the Coras were behind her and mistook the friendly smiles as sneers at her failure. Mr. Richardson descended to the pit to put a stop to it. Once he confronted the men, he learned the Coras were the cause of the commotion. Returning to the balcony, he insisted the Coras leave. They refused. Words were exchanged which compelled the Richardsons to leave the play.

The next day Mr. Richardson and Charles Cora met in a bar and more words were exchanged. What happened next depends on who was telling the story. Either Charles beat Richardson to the draw or Cora shot an unarmed man who declared himself so before being executed. What is certain is that Charles Cora shot and killed United States Marshal William H. Richardson on November 15, 1855.

Average citizens were outraged. Their outrage, however, did not lead to a conviction. Instead, Charles Cora was tried for murder and his jury ended in a deadlock. Belle's money and influence had helped the jury to reach this decision. However she could not save Charles from a group of vigilantes who held their own trial, subsequently convicting Charles and hanging him the very same day. An hour before Charles was lynched, a Catholic priest married him and Belle. Belle stayed with her man until the very end.

Although Belle Cora continued to ply her trade, her heyday was over. No longer were her balls attended by the famous. Eight years later, local newspapers reported the death of Mrs. Belle Cora at the age of thirty-five. Pneumonia ended the madam's reign from the 1850s.

The 1860s began a gold rush to Virginia City, Nevada. Shortly after the miners arrived, the soiled doves came to town. It didn't take long for a favorite to emerge. The reigning belle of the red light district became Julia Bulette. She had arrived in 1863, many years before miner families sealed the area. Almost instantly, Julia was wearing silk, velvet, and sable furs. Shortly after her arrival on the scene she was making $1,000 a night and also accepted payment in the form of bars of bullion, diamonds, or rubies.

Her small parlor house, located on the corner of Union and D streets, was referred to as Julia's Palace. Inside, it was a real palace to men who were used to sleeping on tent floors and inside small shanties. A canopied four-poster bed and gold-framed mirrors adorned the house, while the guests were served vintage wines and exotic foods. More than the surroundings and the services, many men considered Julia one of their good friends. Her

small house was known to hold many engaging conversations between Julia and the leading men of the community.

Julia was described as a beautiful and willowy woman who seemed to float as she walked. Little is known about her life before settling in Virginia City, but one old timer recalled, "she was London born, New Orleans bred, and California matured." Whether this description referred to her actual childhood or personal charms is unknown.

Many small mining towns had madams who were also benefactors to the city and its people. Julia was no exception. Her favorite charity was the volunteer fire department. When they battled a blaze, Julia was first on the scene with hot food and coffee to sustain the men as they worked. Because of her devotion to the firemen, they made her a honorary member of the department. She also was known to have sent anonymous gifts to poor miners' widows and nursed single ill miners back to health.

Although she was discreet in gift giving, she was not so humble about her occupation. By the time Virginia City had blossomed into 30,000 people, every man, woman and child knew who she was. If any newcomer was unclear, she settled the question by riding around town in a lacquered brougham with side panels emblazoned with a white crest of four aces, crowned by a lion couchant. If that wasn't enough to capture everyone's attention, her attendance at the Opera House cloaked in a floor length purple velvet cape lined with sable made her stand out.

Julia's reign came to an abrupt end in an unexpected tragedy. On the night of January 20, 1867, a man named John Millain strangled Julia, robbed her, and looted her home. The headline in the paper the next day read, "Horrible Murder—Woman Strangled To Death In Her Bed—Blood Curdling Tragedy In The Heart Of The City."

The funeral procession was led by the fire company who were dressed in their best uniforms. The saloons hung black wreaths on their doors and each fire truck was covered in a black crepe. The Nevada militia band played in the procession. As the parade went by, the wives and other proper women of the city shut their doors and windows so as to not offend their eyes at the display being made regarding Julia's death.

More than a year later, John Millain was caught after he made another attack on a madam in the city. In his possession was some of Julia's jewelry. Over forty deputies with the national guard escorted him to the gallows. In addition, the schools, saloons, mines, and even the opium dens closed for the day so everyone could attend the hanging. The night after the event, the bars opened to huge crowds of men who toasted the memory of Julia Bulette.

In the Black Hills of South Dakota, one of the women who became well-known in the red light arena was Kitty Le Roy. Kitty arrived in the early 1870s. She was a wild, danger loving woman who preferred her men to be adventurous as well. Her first husband won her hand by being the only man brave enough to let her attempt to shoot an apple off his head as she rode by at full speed on horseback. He was not only brave, but probably three sheets to the wind.

Kitty began her introduction into the entertainment industry on the legitimate side. At the age of ten, she danced on stage in Dallas, Texas. After a few more years, she joined the seedier side of entertainment as a nymph of the night. A few years later when the rush to the Black Hills was in full swing, Kitty and her cohorts were close behind. She opened a gambling and prostitution hall called "The Mint" in Deadwood, South Dakota. However, her success as a madam and gambling hall operator was short lived. At the age of twenty-eight, after only five husbands and hundreds of lovers, she was beat to the draw in a domestic battle with her final husband.

Despite the brevity of her appearance on the scene of the mining communities in the Dakotas, Kitty was remembered lovingly by the rough and tough miners. Her obituary showed their love and respect in a way only other lonely miners could understand.

"Her brown hair was thick and curling; she had five husbands, seven revolvers, a dozen Bowie-knives, and always went armed to the teeth, which latter were like pearls set in coral. She was a terrific gambler, and wore in her ears immense diamonds, which shone almost like her glorious eyes. The magnetism about her marvelous beauty was such as to drive her lovers crazy; more men had been killed because of her than all the other women in the hills combined, and it was only a question of whether her lovers or herself had killed the most."

Klondike Kate, the Queen of the Yukon, was a redheaded fireball whose real name was Kitty Rockwell. Unlike many madams and working girls in the industry, Kitty's background was rather average. Born in Kansas in 1876, she was raised in Spokane Falls by her mother and stepfather. At a young age, Kitty's wild and impetuous behavior began to emerge. Sent away to boarding schools, she was summarily dismissed for behavior such as dancing and carrying on with men. After several expulsions, Kitty was sent to a convent school. Shortly after her arrival, the Sisters discovered that Kitty had received seven diamond engagement rings and had every intention of keeping them all. The horrified nuns insisted that they be returned and sent Kitty back to her worn-out parents.

Back home, Kitty continued with her outlandish behavior, flirting with any and all men until her mother had no choice but to take her away. She chose a long voyage

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to New York to give Kitty a change of scenery and strict supervision. However, the voyage did not yield the hoped for results. Once in New York, Kitty took jobs as a chorus girl in variety theater, working theaters from Manhattan to Coney Island. Somewhere in-between, she went from the legitimate side of the tracks to the seamier side.

When Kitty returned to the West a short time later, she took up her profession in Spokane and then the sin capital of the Pacific Northwest, Seattle. She might have lived out her life in this growing city if the gold strike in the Yukon hadn't occurred shortly after her arrival.

An ambitious and adventurous girl, Kitty took her talents on the road. One of the few women who would brave the icy Yukon winters by keeping the miners warm, Kitty made a fortune. The gold rush panned out for her. Shortly after her arrival, she could be seen touring the shanty towns and mud soaked streets in $300 hats and $1,000 gowns. Her pretty face, and expensive dress in a town of dirty miners led to her nickname which would follow her the rest of her life, Klondike Kate, the Queen of the Yukon.

She was a wild, danger loving woman who preferred her men to be adventurous as well. Her first husband won her hand by being the only man brave enough to let her attempt to shoot an apple off his head as she rode by at full speed on horseback.

As with many parlor women, Kitty's downfall was a man who wanted the best of both worlds. He wanted her money, but also to be accepted in society. Alexander Pantages was a waiter who Kitty financed for five years until he became a wealthy theatrical magnate. After reaching his success, he jilted poor Kate and married a society lady. The jilting rekindled Kitty's fiery nature and she sued him for breach of promise. In the end, she

received only a token settlement.

After the gold rush ended, the Yukon lost its sparkle for Kate and she moved around the Northwest working a variety of houses. Settling in Bend, Oregon, Kitty retired from the entertainment industry at the age of thirty-nine. The wealth of her Yukon days slowly vanished and she worked odd jobs such as cleaning and taking in laundry to make ends meet. Finally, Klondike Kate did marry at the age of fifty-seven to Johnny Matson. After his death in 1946, she remarried at the age of seventy-one to Bill Van Duren. In 1957, at the age of eighty, the fun-loving Queen of the Yukon passed away in relative obscurity.

By the time Jennie Rogers arrived on the Denver brothel scene in 1879, it was already in full swing. Jennie's real name was Leah J. Tehme. A raven haired beauty, Jennie had ached to be closer to the gold and silver strikes in the Denver territory. As a parlor house owner in Saint Louis, Jennie had heard tales of rags to riches from customers passing through. She promptly sold her home to be closer to the action.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1843, Jennie grew up on a farm and once reaching adulthood married a young doctor and settled down. Bored with her life, she ran away with a steamboat captain. A few years later she turned up in Pittsburgh as the "housekeeper" of the mayor. Public pressure forced her dismissal and shortly after that she opened a "fashionable resort" in Saint Louis. With a lover on the police force in the city, her house was protected and very profitable. A few years later, she took her madam skills and moved them to the budding metropolis of Denver.

Shortly after her arrival, she purchased a house in the red light district from Mattie Silks, the then ruling queen of the row. Within the year, Jennie made the local papers by falling from her horse in the street. She was described as "well known in this city" by the reporter. Her desire was to have a respectable house with a refined clientele created by word of mouth. Her marketing strategy worked and by 1884 she ran the largest and most substantial house in the district. The three-story extravaganza boasted fifteen bedrooms and the first furnace, in addition to grand halls and servants' quarters. Although she was not as well liked as her competitor, Mattie Silks, Jennie ran the row from 1884 to 1909.

In 1889, Jennie had expanded her enterprise and had a luxurious home built next door to her existing house. It was nicknamed the House of Mirrors because the hall that led to the parlor was completely lined with mirrors.

In 1889, Jennie had expanded her enterprise and had a luxurious home built next door to her existing house. It was nicknamed the House of Mirrors because the hall that led to the parlor was completely lined with mirrors. Sparkling crystal chandeliers and birdseye maple accents gave a glittery impression to visitors who were used to dark and gloomy Victorian interiors. It was rumored that the money to build the home had been received by means of blackmailing a millionaire banker. Some say she bore him an illegitimate daughter, others say she knew about a murder he committed in his youth. Only Jennie knows for sure how she persuaded him to give her the money for her new house.

Jennie made a fortune despite heavy expenses. Aside from the normal bills for house maintenance and repairs, she employed a staff of servants, a bouncer, musicians, and entertainers not to mention paying off the police and politicians to keep operating. She jokingly referred to these bribes as her license to practice the trade.

There were many men in Jennie's life, but there was one who stood out among the rest, a young, handsome driver who was fourteen years her junior named John Woods. Their affair almost came to an abrupt halt after Jennie discovered him in the arms of another women and shot him. The bullet did no serious damage and eventually he forgave her. Jennie and John were married a few years later despite the fact that he had moved to Utah. When John fell ill, Jennie moved to his side and re-mained with him until he died. She had his body re-turned to Denver and buried under a large stone memorial.

As time passed and business prospered, Jennie expanded her holdings to include land, legitimate businesses, and another parlor house in Chicago. One of the few madams to actually invest her profits, Jennie proved to be a shrewd business woman. As her finances increased so did her weight. Her beautiful face had disappeared behind heavy jowls and swollen eyes. Her weight was a factor in acquiring Bright's disease, an affliction that put tremendous pressure on her kidneys. By 1909, Jennie knew her time was near. She had rewritten her will to leave her vast investments to her sister, a niece, and a nephew. On Sunday, October 17, Jennie joined her lover, John A. Woods, and was buried next to him under a distinguished monument, a stone's throw from the graves of the city's founding families.

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Vore Buffalo Jump Site

By Mary Jean Wilson

Mary Jean Wilson

At the Vore Buffalo Jump Site, bones of slaughtered buffalo were dug up with meticulous care by archeologists.

Dry yellow grasses surrounding the pit rustled in the breeze. Many seasons ago the tribe had decided that when the time was right, it would be an ideal site for a buffalo kill. The pit was deep with sides such that any buffalo not killed by the fall would not be able to get out. At the same time there was enough slope to allow the hunters easy access.

The hunting camp along one of the nearby streams daily grew larger as more and more bands arrived to take part in the hunt. Rains had been plentiful in this area for the past several seasons and the grasses had been lush. Large herds of buffalo had been seen moving this way. Soon they must be ready.

Survival during the coming winter depended on a plenitude of kills to provide for all their needs. Many hides would be needed for shelter and bedding. Sufficient meat to feed the tribe during the coming time of cold must be dried and ready for use.

As the clans gathered, the tribal council met to plan the hunt. The ritual observances that were an important part of the preparation for the hunt were being carried out by the shamans.

Along the lines of the drive, men and boys of the tribe were building stone cairns that would help to control the line of drive. It was vital that everything be done just right, since there would be just one chance to stampede the buffalo into the pit. All too soon the cold winds and winter snow would once more descend and game would again become scarce.

Such were the conditions when the Vore Buffalo Jump Site in northeastern Wyoming was used.

Archaeologists have dated it as being in use from about 1500 A.D. to 1850 A.D. and consider it an important site for a number of reasons.

The site is a large sink hole that was formed when water eroded the underlying layer of limestone and the overburden of dirt collapsed into the cavern that was left. It is approximately two hundred feet across and fifty feet deep with sloping sides. The bone middens in the bottom occupy a space about one hundred feet across and extend about twenty-five feet beneath the surface.

During the time it was in use, there were at least twenty-two kills approximately ten to twenty-five years apart. Archaeologists estimate that between 10,000 and 20,000 buffalo were killed and butchered there.

When the site was first excavated, in the early 1970s, layers of sedimentation, known as varves, were found separating layers of bones. The varves have served to preserve the bones, and also help to determine the number of kills and the length of time between, in much the same way that tree rings provide dating and information about weather changes that occurred over the periods of time between kills.

Since the site was only used at times of relatively heavy rainfall, the varves also allow researchers to study the variations in vegetation from time to time.

The degree of preservation of the bones and the kinds of bones left tell something of the method of butcherng that was used, providing a clue to which tribes were responsible for the various kills. Other clues are provided by the points, butchering tools, and other artifacts found at the site

An interesting comment on the degree of preservation was made by a member of the team that carried out the initial excavation. He said that as they got down into the lower levels of bones the odor became quite ripe, as if it were a nearly fresh kill.

The availability of water was one of the factors leading to the choice of this particular site. Sand Creek and Redwater are both nearby, as well as other streams offering a ready source. It is likely that a hunting camp was established nearby, possibly along one of those waterways.

It is generally accepted by those who have worked at the site that Cheyenne, Shoshoni, Arapaho, Crow, Kiowa, Kiowa-Apache, and possibly Lakota peoples used the site.

The excavation of the site in 1971 and 1972 was carried out by a team of archaeologists from the University of Wyoming Department of Anthropology under the leadership of Dr. George Frison. He was accompanied by Dr. Charles Reher, who has continued to work closely with those concerned with development of the site.

The work done by Frison and Reher was sufficient to indicate the size and importance of the site. Reher calls it a "world class site."

In a talk given at the site in 1994, Dr. Reher said that not only is the buffalo a sacred animal to the Indians, but it might also be termed a "grocery store." It provided food, clothing, shelter, tools, and many other things the Indians needed for survival.

Reher noted that buffalo are difficult to stampede. The native populaces worked out a system of drive lines for forcing the animals to go into traps of one kind or another. He said doing so often meant the difference between starvation and survival. The sinkhole was an ideal place for the purpose, since it not only served as a trap, but the chokecherries growing in the bottom of it could he used in making the pemmican the Indians relied on for winter nourishment

The site was brought to the attention of the public in 1969. During the course of laying out the route for Highway I-90 from Sundance to the South Dakota border, the Wyoming Highway Department did some core drilling at various locations. The cores from the sink hole showed a considerable amount of bone. Because of the implications, the highway was rerouted around the sink hole instead of going directly over it.

The land on which the site is located belonged to the Woodrow Vore family. In 1989 they gave 8.3 acres to the University of Wyoming with the proviso that the buffalo jump be developed for research and education purposes.

Dr. Reher introduced a development proposal which would include a dome to cover the site and to provide climate control to the site, provide class and meeting rooms, and laboratories. The cost of the proposed facility would be about $7.5 million. The Vore Buffalo Jump Foundation was organized to help raise funds for the development.

The Great Plains, of which the Black Hills are a small part, extend from the Rockies in the west to the Eastern Woodlands near the Mississippi River. It is a largely treeless, rolling sea of grass broken in places by hills, valleys, lakes, and streams. It covers about a half-billion acres from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south.

Weather on the Great Plains is dependent on an erratic jet stream, the areas of high or low pressure, and the movement of major air masses affecting the area. Moist air masses flow east from the Pacific Northwest and north from the Gulf of Mexico. Icy masses of air flow south from the Canadian Arctic.

The human inhabitants of the Plains at times faced blisteringly hot, dry summers, sometimes cold wet ones. In the winter they often had to contend with bitter cold and blizzards that left the landscape filled with deep drifts of snow.

At times uncertain weather conditions could unleash heavy rains and hail, severe thunderstorms with lightning that could, and did, ignite wildfires. The Indians soon learned to adapt to the conditions and to provide the necessary shelter.

Summers found the buffalo, on which the Indians depended for subsistence, roaming the Plains in small herds looking for the best grasses. The Indians followed them in small bands.

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Mary Jean Wilson

Archaeologists and students examine and clean bones at the Vore Buffalo Jump Site.

The coming of winter found both man and beast looking for places that would afford the best shelter from stormy blasts. Once they were camped, only a lack of food would cause the Indians to move camp or to travel beyond a point from which they could return in a day.

The earliest large mammals to inhabit the area were the mammoths. Eventually they died out and were replaced by bison. Over the centuries the bison evolved from a large animal to a much smaller, more numerous one. These later bison, scientifically termed hison bison, were well adapted to the conditions imposed by the weather and climate found in the Great Plains.

THE EARLIEST LARGE MAMMALS TO INHABIT THE AREA WERE THE MAMMOTHS. EVENTUALLY THEY DIED OUT AND WERE REPLACED BY BISON.

From the very earliest time hunters used various methods of trapping bison and other game, such as herding them into box canyons, over cliffs, or into sink holes. Some of the sites used in this way that have been found and researched have been dated as far back as about 9000 B.C.

Although the Indians hunted all kinds of game, including deer, antelope, and elk, as well as smaller animals and birds, the most important game was bison, which they revered as the most sacred of animals, providing as it did nearly all of their needs for survival.

During most of the year, Indians lived in small family groups or bands. Generally, it was only as the herds of buffalo gathered together in larger numbers during the rutting season that the bands also gathered for the tribal hunt and for major ceremonies such as the Sun Dance.

At several levels in the initial excavation of the Vore Site, Frison and Reher found circles of bison skulls with the noses pointed out. They took a number of pictures of these, some of which show a single circle, others a double circle. Not all of the circles are complete. Both the bison skull and the circle are elements common to the sacred beliefs of Plains Indians. Frison and Reher hypothesize that their use at the Vore Site may have represented an expression of tribal solidarity.

Today broad highways crisscross the Great Plains connecting homes, ranches, cities, and towns. The large buffalo herds that once roamed those plains are no more. At best there are some relatively small herds to be found in parks or on ranches.

The Indians that once hunted them no longer roam the Plains either. They either live on reservations or they have integrated into

urban populations. It is now more than a century since the Vore Site was used as a buffalo jump by the Indians.

Today, instead of being a source of much needed food and materials for survival, it is now a source of education, serving as a laboratory and research center.

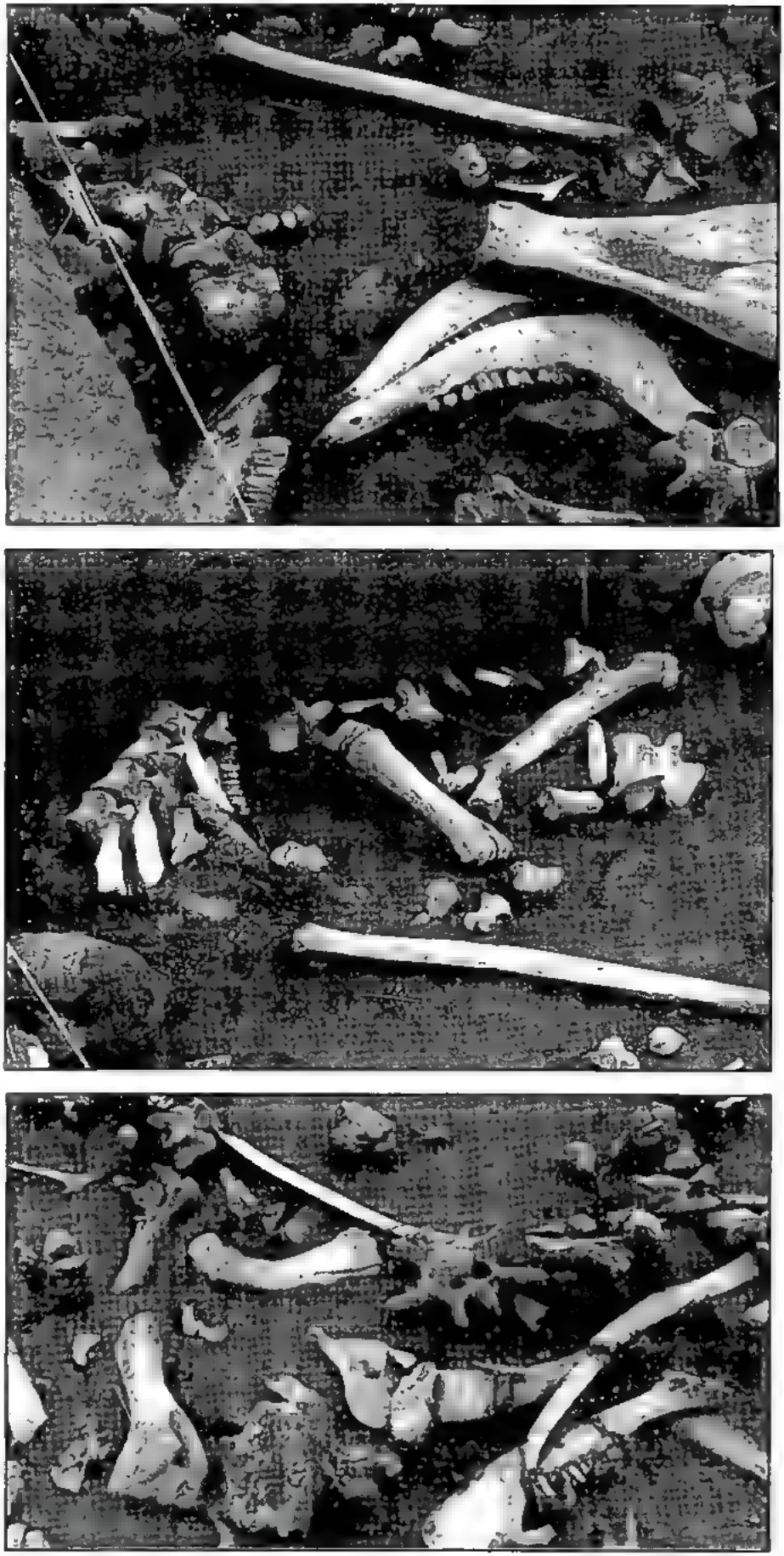
Interpretive signs have been erected at the site by the Vore Buffalo Jump Foundation to tell the tourists who stop there something about the site—when it was used and for what. Tours of the site are also available at times.

During the summer of 1995, the site was opened for the first time since the early 1970s. Under the direction of Dr. Reher and Dr. Larry Todd, an expert from the University of Colorado on plains buffalo and buffalo jumps, a limited field school for archaeology students from Wyoming and Colorado was held. A second, somewhat longer session was held the summer of 1996.

Although no actual construction has been started at the site as yet, the foundation has purchased two tepees to house interpretive displays during the field school. They were first used in 1996 but will have additional displays for 1997.

The 1997 field school is planned to begin about the second week of June and go into July. A concurrent two-credit-hour course in Northwest Plains Prehistory is being offered through the University of Wyoming. For more information contact the Vore Buffalo Jump Foundation.

A newsletter, published by the foundation, also serves to inform the public about the site. In addition to information on the buffalo jump, it includes articles on related subjects. The newsletters are available with a membership in the foundation. For more information write: Vore Buffalo Jump Foundation, PO Box 369, Sundance, WY 82729.

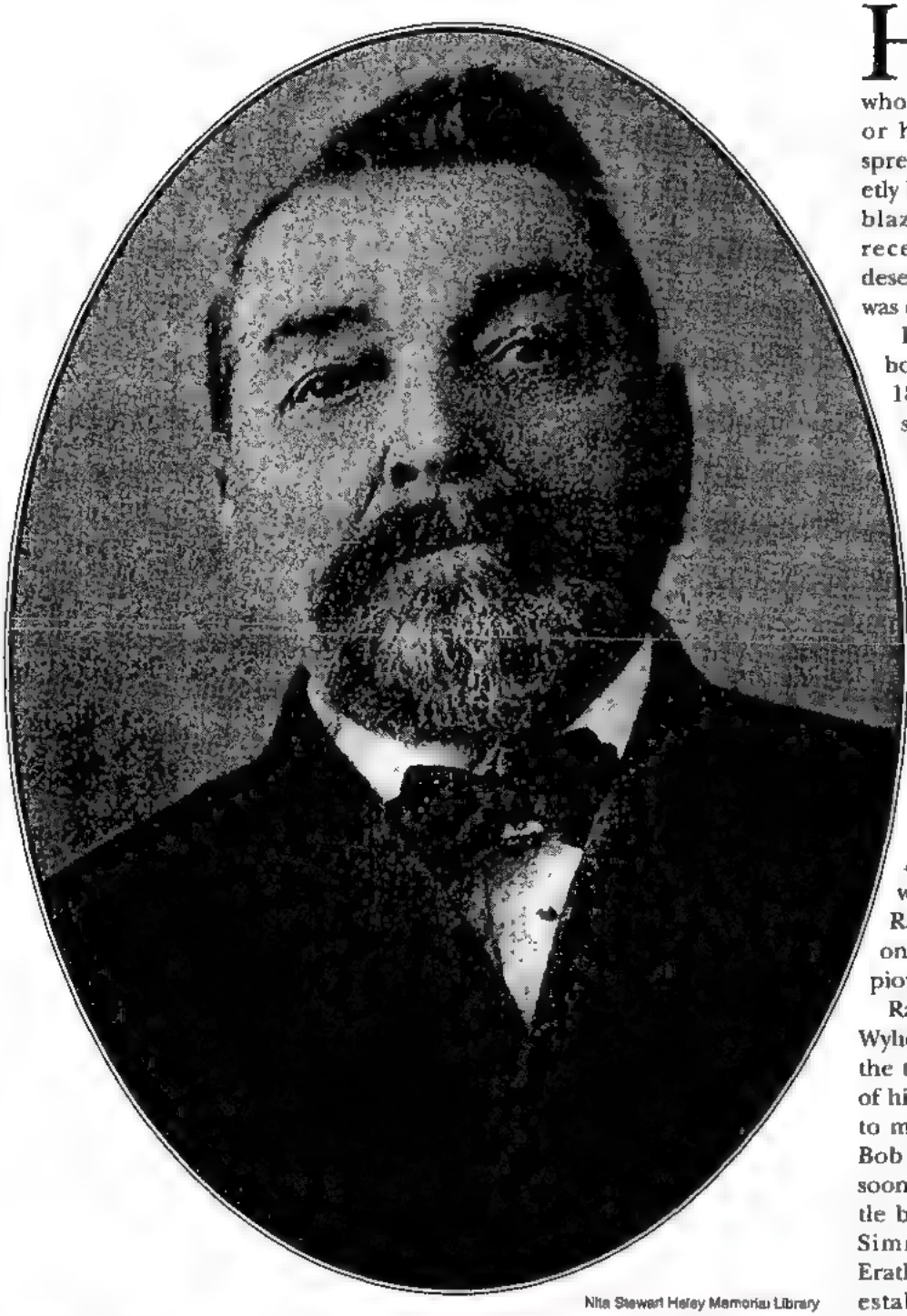


Mary Jean Wilson

Buffalo remains unearthed at the Vore Buffalo Jump Site.

ANONYMOUS TRAILBLAZER

BY DAVID KING



Nita Stewart Haley Memorial Library

Robert K. Wylie

History can be selective. At times, it has tended to favor those characters of the past who were adept at self-promotion, or had friends and admirers to spread their fame. Those who quietly lived the history of the West and blazed the trails often do not receive the recognition they deserve. Texas cattleman R.K. Wylie was one such trailblazer.

Robert Kelsey Wylie, who was born in northeast Mississippi in 1836, is vaguely familiar to most students of the Lincoln County War. Books on that conflict have mentioned Wylie as a background character in its precursor, the Pecos War. However, his role in these events was much larger than traditionally portrayed. In fact, the two men who lost their lives in the Pecos War, as well as both their killers, were employees of Wylie rather than John Chisum.

But Wylie's major contribution to nineteenth century Americana had nothing to do with the gunplay in Lincoln. Rather, he appears to have been one of the West's most overlooked pioneers.

Raised in Mississippi and Texas, Wylie was forced to mature fast. By the time he reached his teens, both of his parents were dead. Struggling to make their way on the frontier, Bob and his several brothers were soon engaged in the emerging cattle business. Headquartered in the Simms Valley area of northern Erath County, Texas, they were well established by the time the Civil War erupted.

While his brothers marched off to war, Bob stayed behind to tend the longhorns, serving locally in the Texas Sate Troops. Forced to rely on hired hands too young to go to war, Wylie managed the ranch successfully and by 1865 had expanded operations to include herds in several neighboring counties. That year, with the return of his siblings, Bob determined to go his own way.

After establishing a home ranch in the Colorado River country of Runnels County, he drove his share of the family stock to Old Mexico where it was sold. Upon his return, Wylie met Jim Patterson, a government contractor in search of cattle and a trail boss. The newly established Navajo reservation at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, as well as the older Fort Stanton to the west, needed a steady supply of fresh beef, and Patterson had won the contract to provide it. With local herds depleted from Indian raids, he turned to Texas for the needed stock.

The question was whether or not herds could be driven successfully across the Ilano Estacado of west Texas. Aside from the danger of Comanche attack, the region was wide and extremely dry. No one was sure whether cattle could survive the trip. But Wylie agreed to try, and set about gathering a herd from cattlemen in Palo Pinto and Erath counties. Sources differ on the size of the initial herd, with estimates ranging from 1,000 to 3,000 head.

The course chosen for the journey was calculated to make the most available water sources. Angling southwest, the column struck the Concho River and turned west. Following the middle fork of the river to its headwaters, the group embarked on a ninety-mile trek across the dry, dusty plains toward the Pecos Valley. Since rest did not help thirsty animals, they crossed this stretch without stopping.

At Castle Gap, some twelve miles from the Pecos, the herd smelled water and the twenty-five cowboys had a difficult time preventing a stampede, as well as keeping the animals away from the alkali pools around the gap. They managed to do so, and eventually struck the banks of the river at Horsehead Crossing.

When they reached Fort Sumner, the cattlemen were paid off in silver coin. According to cowboy Irbin Bell, one of the ranchers, Isaac W. Cox, received such a heavy load of money that his pack mule fell and was unable to rise until unloaded.

No Indians were encountered on the first cattle drive up what would become famous as the Goodnight-Loving trail. However, Patterson and Wylie would orchestrate at least three such endeavors by the end of 1865, quickly drawing the attention of hostile Comanches. By September, the army would be supplying rifles and ammunition for the protection of the herds.

Aside from the danger of Comanche attack, the region was wide and extremely dry. No one was sure whether cattle could survive the trip. But Wylie agreed to try, and set about gathering a herd from cattlemen in Palo Pinto and Erath counties.

Still, the dangers and hardships of the trail would not deter others from following. The lure of Uncle Sam's dollars soon brought more cattlemen, including Chisum and, in the spring of 1866, Oliver Loving and Charles Goodnight. Seventy years later Goodnight's admiring biographer would immortalize him as the first to make the drive to New Mexico. Military correspondence refutes this and establishes Wylie's employer, Jim Patterson, as the organizer of the first drives. Irbin Bell provided corroboration, stating that, "ours was the first herd, and Bob Wylie led the way."

A FEW YEARS LATER, Wylie would further contribute to the growing cattle industry of Texas, importing the first Durham bulls from Kentucky. Again, others would follow his lead and the process of upgrading the famous longhorn range cattle began in earnest by the middle of the late 1870s.

Wylie seems to have retired from stock-raising around the turn of the century, resigning his membership in the cattlemen's association in 1902. He moved from his Runnels County ranch, just west of Ballinger, to the town of Mineral Wells, and concentrated his money in banking and real estate. At the time of his death Wylie owned only one cow and two mules.

On July 10, 1910, Wylie, with his wife and adopted daughter boarded a train for Colorado Springs. The aging Texan hoped a summer there would aid his health. Between ten and eleven that night, shortly after the train rolled out of Trinidad, Colorado, Wylie left his sleeping car for fresh air or, as some have speculated, in an episode of sleep-walking.

Falling from the swiftly moving train, Wylie suffered a broken leg, a dislocated shoulder, and assorted cuts and bruises. His disappearance was not discovered until it was too late. An early morning southbound freight engineer ignored his cries for help, thinking it was a hobo seeking a ride. Sometime around one o'clock on the morning of July 11, Robert K. Wylie died alone in a ravine near Ludlow.

Though few realized it, the West had lost one of its most important pioneers. Only the reminiscences of a few obscure old-timers kept his story alive for history.

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ELECTRONIC

True West Legends:

Pat Garrett

June 5, 1850—Pat Garrett is born in Chambers County, Alabama, one of seven children, the son of John Lumpkin Garrett and Elizabeth Ann Jarvis Garrett, farmers. In 1853, John Garrett purchased a Louisiana plantation in Claiborne Parish. Pat went to school and grew up there.

January 25, 1869—Pat Garrett leaves Louisiana to become a buffalo hunter in Texas.

1870s—Pat Garrett teams up with buffalo hunter Willis Skelton Glenn and skinner Joe Briscoe. They primarily work the Fort Griffin, Texas, area.

November 1876—Garrett kills Joe Briscoe. The argument started when Briscoe, trying to create a fire with damp wood and buffalo chips, cursed the weather. Garrett said "no one but a dumb Irishman would even try and start a fire," which by now had turned into a modest blaze. Briscoe seized an axe and chased Garrett around the camp. On one of those circles, Garrett grabbed his rifle and shot Briscoe, the bullet's impact knocking Briscoe into the fire where he died. Garrett turns himself in to Fort Griffin authorities. He is released with no charges filed.

1878—Garrett settles down in Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where on January 18, 1880, he marries Apolinaria Gutierrez. There are rumors of two earlier marriages, including one to the sister of Apolinaria, but none can be confirmed. The couple had nine children.

July 19, 1878—The Lincoln County, New Mexico, War draws to an end following the Five Days Battle at Lincoln. Billy the Kid is one of many outlaws still loose and running. While Pat Garrett likely knew Billy the Kid, saying they were friends is an overstatement. Neither had much in common, including values.

November 2, 1880—Pat Garrett, as a Democrat, is elected sheriff of Lincoln County. He vows to bring the current reign of lawlessness to an end.

December 15, 1880—New Mexico Governor Lew Wallace, through a newspaper notice, puts a $500 reward on the head of Billy the Kid.

December 19, 1880—Sheriff Pat Garrett and his posse mistakenly kill Tom O'Folliard, an outlaw friend of Billy the Kid, at Fort Sumner.

December 20-21, 1880—Pat Garrett and his posse trap Billy the Kid and others in a one-room rock house at Stinking Springs, near Fort Sumner. The posse mistakenly kills Charlie Bowdre. The Kid and the others surrender that afternoon. Garrett takes the shackled prisoners by buckboard into Las Vegas, where Garrett has to fight off a mob at the train station before he can move on to the state prison at Santa Fe.

April 15, 1881—At Mesilla, New Mexico, a judge turns the Kid over to Sheriff Pat Garrett and orders that the Kid be hanged in Lincoln on May 13.

April 28, 1881—While Sheriff Pat Garrett is in White Oaks, New Mexico, Billy the Kid escapes the Lincoln jail after killing both his guards, James Bell and Bob Olinger.

June 13-14, 1881—At midnight, Sheriff Pat Garrett shoots Billy the Kid dead at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, when the Kid walks into Pete Maxwell's bedroom. Garrett was squatting alongside the mattress talking with Maxwell as the Kid entered. The Kid saw Garrett but did not recognize him due to the darkness and the fact that Garrett was sitting or stooped down. The Kid cocked his revolver and hoarsely whispered, "*¿Quién es?*" ("Who is it?"). Garrett fires twice, one bullet striking the Kid squarely in the heart. The other shot goes wild.

1882—A book is published entitled *The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid, the Noted Desperado of the Southwest, Whose Deeds of Daring Have Made His Name a Terror in New Mexico.* Pat Garrett's name is on the cover as author, but Ash Upson, a close friend, newspaperman, and notary, said he (Upson) wrote every word of it. The book sold poorly, but it was also poorly written.

1882—Garrett declines to be a candidate for re-election as sheriff of Lincoln County. Instead, he campaigns for the New Mexico House of Representatives and is defeated.

1884—Pat Garrett heads the so-called "Pat Garrett—LS Rangers," who pursue rustlers in and around the Texas Panhandle. The effort is only moderately successful, and Garrett drops out.

1885—A wealthy Scotsman, James Cree, establishes a ranch in southeastern New Mexico for the raising of black Angus cattle. Pat Garrett does most of the managing, but the project fails.

1887-89—Pat Garrett envisions an irrigation scheme for the Pecos Valley around Roswell, New Mexico.

by Leon C. Metz

True West Legends:

Pat Garrett

Unfortunately, men of wealth move in and force out the economically disadvantaged Garrett.

1890—Garrett runs for sheriff of newly created Chaves County. He is defeated and bitterly leaves New Mexico.

February 1, 1896—Southern New Mexico powerhouse politician Colonel Albert J. Fountain and his young son Henry vanish near the White Sands. The territory suspects murder, and a call goes out for Pat Garrett. He becomes sheriff of Dona Ana County in March 1896. Although a life-long Democrat, he switches to the Republican party.

July 12, 1898—Garrett and several deputies attempt to capture cattlemen and suspected murderers Oliver Lee and Jim Gililland at Wildy Well, near Orogrande, New Mexico. Deputy Kent Kearney is slain. Garrett and his remaining deputies surrender. Two outlaws are now loose and running, a sheriff is humiliated, and the entire Southwest is in an uproar.

January 30, 1899—Otero County is created in southern New Mexico so that Oliver Lee and Jim Gililland can surrender to a sheriff other than Pat Garrett. The murder trial takes place at Hillsboro, New Mexico, on May 29, 1896. The accused are defended by Albert Bacon Fall, and the trial ends with a verdict of "not guilty."

October 7, 1899—Dona Ana County Sheriff Garrett and Deputy Jose Espalin kill alleged Oklahoma fugitive Norman Newman at the W. W. Cox ranch house at San Augustine Springs in the Organ Mountains. Espalin most likely pulled the trigger.

1899—Garrett purchases a ranch in the nearby San Andres Mountains. His family lives there while Pat works in Las Cruces, Mesilla, and Dona Ana.

May 24, 1899—Pat Garrett buys the Bear Canyon Ranch which adjoins his property.

December 1901—Pat Garrett steps aside as Dona Ana County sheriff and takes his family to El Paso. His ranch sits idle, although some of his older children still spend time there.

December 16, 1901—President Theodore Roosevelt nominates Pat Garrett as United States customs collector at El Paso, Texas. It is a controversial appointment.

May 8, 1903—On an El Paso street, Garrett gets into a fist-fight with George M. Gaither. It ends in a draw.

1904—Garrett mortgages his two ranches to Martin Lowman and W.W. Cox. The Albuquerque Bank of Commerce also has a claim to the property.

October 1905—Noted author Emerson Hough and Pat Garrett tour Lincoln County. Out of this trip comes a book called *Story of the Outlaw*, which includes very little new information on Garrett's role as the slayer of Billy the Kid.

1905—Garrett becomes good friends with Tom Powers, owner of the El Paso Coney Island Saloon. The six-shooter that killed Billy the Kid soon hangs behind the counter.

1905—President Roosevelt tells Garrett that he (Roosevelt) will be in San Antonio attending a Rough Riders convention. He asks Garrett to meet him there so they can talk. Garrett takes Toni Powers along and introduces him to the president as a "west Texas cattleman." Group photos are taken, then leaked to the press. Roosevelt is embarrassed.

December 1905—President Roosevelt refuses to reappoint Pat Garrett as El Paso collector of customs. Garrett and his family return to their ranch in the San Andres Mountains.

March 14, 1907—Poe Garrett, son of Pat, unbeknown to the father, leases the Bear Canyon ranch to local cowboy, Wayne Brazel. Brazel stocks it with goats.

January 1908—James P. Miller, a hired assassin now claiming he is a Mexican cattle buyer, offers to purchase the Garrett ranch. However, Miller doesn't want the goats, and Brazel refuses to either move them or cancel the five-year lease.

February 29, 1908—Pat Garrett and Carl Adamson, a brother-in-law of Miller, are in a buckboard and bound from the Garrett Ranch to Las Cruces for a conference with Miller. Wayne Brazel rides alongside on horseback. Within a few miles of town, they stop in the desert to urinate. Garrett is shot and killed. Wayne Brazel confesses to the slaying, is tried for murder, and is acquitted.

WHAT TO READ

Pat Garrett: The Story of A Western Lawman, by Leon C. Metz. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma.)

WHERE TO GO

Lincoln, New Mexico, site of the Lincoln County War. **Fort Sumner, New Mexico**, where Billy the Kid is buried. **Garrett Ranch**, although nothing is left but dim, desert floor foundations on the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico. Entrance is by permission only. **The Garrett Family plot, Masonic Cemetery, Las Cruces, New Mexico.** Across the street is the Odd Fellow cemetery where Garrett was originally placed. Concrete markers still exist.

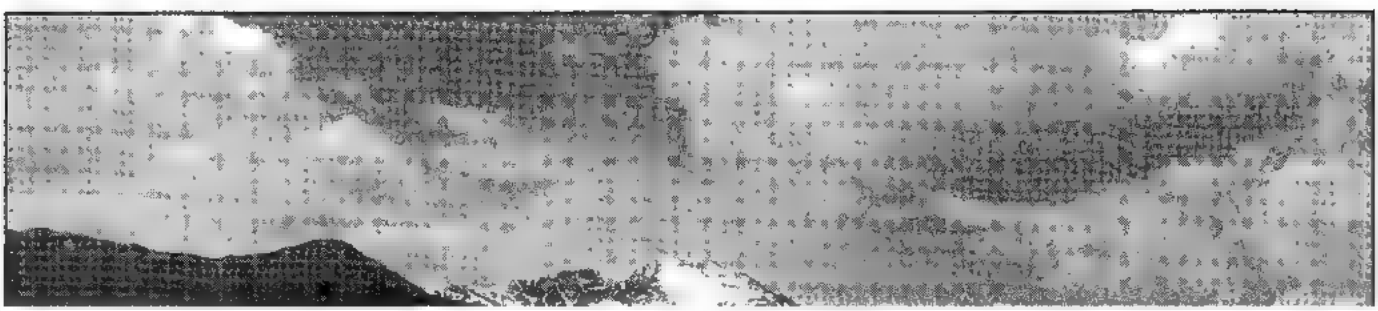
Reaching the Peak... The Story of Julia Archibald Holmes

By Mary S. Koehler

On the morning of August 5, 1858, surrounded by an ocean of clouds, a young woman sat alone on a boulder atop what would soon become the most famous peak of the Colorado Rocky Mountains. "In all probability" she writes, "I am the first woman who has ever stood upon the summit of this mountain and gazed upon this wondrous scene which my eyes now behold."

Julia Archibald Holmes thus became the first documented woman to summit Pike's Peak. In the nineteenth century, most people referred to the great mountain as Pike's Peak since Zebulon Pike was credited with its discovery. Pike set forth to accomplish the same feat some fifty-two years earlier. After his failed attempt, he stated, "I believe no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle." But Julia was never one to set limits in her life. After all, on a whim she and her husband of less than one year abandoned their homestead in Emporia, Kansas, to join the first wagon train to search the slopes of Pike's Peak for gold.

At just twenty years of age, Julia had already filled her life with travel and excitement. The second of eight children, Julia quickly grew up when her father moved his family



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Courtesy Colorado Springs Pioneer Museum

Julia (center) gladly chose her "American Costume" over the constricting fashions of her time.

from Nova Scotia to Massachusetts. Persuaded by anti-slavery advocate Eli Thayer to support the abolitionist movement, John C. Archibald finally settled his family in Lawrence, Kansas, where he is later listed as one of the city's founding fathers.

The Archibald family settled into their new home amidst a civil war which broke out between northern and southern supporters over the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, allowing Kansas Territory to determine its own status as a slave or free state. John Archibald established his house as a station on the underground railroad and befriended many abolitionists including a controversial Free-State Ranger named John Brown who would later be hanged for his raid on Harpers Ferry, Virginia. In 1854 Brown recruited Captain James Holmes, nicknamed "The Little Hornet," to command his militia. The two men became frequent guests at the Archibald home, and soon the attractive, sixteen-year-old daughter of John and Jane Archibald became utterly smitten with the young captain. Following her mother's example, Julia held a fiercely independent spirit, often speaking her mind on the issues of women's rights and slavery. Captain Holmes had met his match. The two were married in 1857. They settled in Emporia where James ran a Free State newspaper and Julia supported the woman's suffrage movement. Meanwhile rumors of gold swept through the Kansas plains.

The financial panic of 1857 created a longing in the hearts of many for easy riches. Stories of great gold fields hidden in the far away mountains trickled down the Santa Fe Trail.

Some settlers believed the Native American tribes of the Rockies to be so wealthy they dipped their arrow tips in gold. Newspapers as far away as the *New York Herald* advised a search for gold on the slopes of Pike's Peak.

Then on a spring day in 1858, a member of the Delaware tribe, Fall Leaf, sauntered into Lawrence with a small bag of gold nuggets. He claimed to have collected them easily while hunting near the headwaters of the Arkansas River. The news fired through the peaceful town. Soon a party of nearly forty hopeful prospectors contracted Fall Leaf to guide them back to the source of his riches. But at the last moment, he backed out of the agreement. Some say members of his tribe threatened his life if he helped white men find gold. Others said he was simply so drunk the morning of the expedition, they left him behind. Though traveling through "Indian country"

un-escorted was considered quite dangerous, on May 24, 1858, their determination held firm, and dozens of men as well as one woman and one child rode out of Lawrence toward the Santa Fe Trail.

They had ridden over one hundred forty miles when another covered wagon finally overtook them. Many members of the wagon train stared with curiosity, if not outright shock, as James and Julia Holmes and her brother, Albert Archibald, joined them. Surely James' reputation preceded him. He had recently been implicated in the murder of a notorious pro-slavery farmer. But that was just a mere curiosity compared with the appearance of his wife, Julia, who chose to wear the suffragists' uniform for the journey, namely bloomers. Julia wrote of herself as "the first woman who has worn the 'American Costume' across the prairie sea." In an article for *The Sibyl*, published March 23, 1859, a woman's magazine dedicated to the suffragist movement, Julia described her outfit: "I wore a calico dress, reaching a little below the knee, pants of the same, Indian moccasins on my feet, and on my head a hat. However much it lacked in taste, I found it to be beyond value in comfort and convenience, as it gave me freedom to roam at pleasure in search of flowers and other curiosities."

Courtesy of the Denver Public Library

Julia Archibald Holmes, who on August 5,1858, became the first recorded woman to climb Pike's Peak.

Julia's motivation, though, for wearing the "American Costume" went far beyond mere practicality. When she insisted she take a turn guarding the camp (for which she was resolutely refused), her feminist views became quite clear to all present. She stated, "Believing as I do, in the right of woman to equal privileges with a man, I think when it is in our power we should, at least, be willing to share the hardships which commonly fall to the lot of man."

Though it is quite likely that most of the men present had never seen a woman in bloomers, Julia had hoped to find a sympathetic friend in the only other woman to join the wagon train, Mrs. Robert Middleton. But Mrs. Middleton had little use for Julia's disgraceful display of independence. A few days into the journey, Mrs. Middleton took Julia aside and told her it would be best if she put on a proper dress for the rest of the journey. Julia retorted, "I cannot afford to dress to please their taste. I could not positively enjoy a moment's happiness with long skirts on to confine me in the wagon." Julia refused to forsake her independence for propriety or even the dangers of the wilderness. While Mrs. Middleton sat in her covered wagon constricted from head to toe in the heat and dust, Julia freely roamed the prairie gathering herbs and wild flowers and searching for signs of buffalo

While many of the adventurers who crossed the prairie during those early years proclaimed feelings of isolation, desolation, and boredom, Julia discovered the hidden beauty of this untouched land and found her strength in its solitude. She writes: "A person who has beheld neither the ocean nor the great, silent, uninhabited plains, will find it impossible to form any adequate idea of the grandeur of the scene. With the blue sky overhead, the endless variety of flowers under foot, it seemed that the ocean's solitude had united with all the landscape beauties...it made my heart leap for joy."

Julia's fearlessness was well illustrated when she encountered the first buffalo the party would see on their journey. Julia faced the creature eye to eye. She recalled him to be "the impersonation of a prairie god" with a majestic mane and fierce manner, a giant standing alone in a wide, rippling field of dry grass across the Arkansas River. In a frozen moment they stared at each other, then he turned away as hunters chased after him. Gunshots exploded in the air, and the great beast collapsed not far from where Julia stood.

Julia faced many hazards of her voyage. She faced down a stampeding buffalo calf, coyly refused several offers of marriage made by the Native American braves they encountered, and adamantly refused to be tucked away in the

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wagon when there was adventure to be had. Through all her exploits, Julia's strength of character as well as body continued to improve. As she and her husband began their journey, Julia felt quite ashamed of her lack of physical endurance, barely walking three or four miles in a day. "But by persevering and walking as far as I could every day," she explained, "my capacity increased gradually, and in the course of a few weeks I could walk ten miles in the most sultry weather without being exhausted." Her physical conditioning would soon be put to the test, as a lone peak grew out of the prairie and beckoned her arrival.

After a short visit at Bent's Fort, the Lawrence party turned south. On July 4, 1858, the first wagoneer spotted the snow-capped crest of Pike's Peak, over seventy miles away. Julia explained, "As all expected to find precious treasure near this wonderful Peak, it is not strange that our eyes were often strained by gazing on it. The summit appeared majestic in the distance, crowned with glistening white."

On July 8, the Lawrence party arrived at a small tributary they named Camp Creek near the eastern edge of Garden of the Gods at the base of Pike's Peak. The hopeful prospectors faced one problem—no one actually knew how to search for gold or where to look. Reality hit hard. Within days many had decided there was simply no gold to be found. Jason T. Younker described a failed expedition through South Park. The small group of men returned "half starved and wholly disgusted" with a handful of yellow iron pyrite as the only fruits of their efforts."

The Holmeses did little prospecting themselves. They joined the wagon train more for the thrill of adventure than for golden riches. James spent most his time hunting with the other men of the wagon train. Soon the isolation of camp life began to strangle Julia. Days blended into one another, filled only by eating, sleeping, smoking, whittling, and playing cards. It is no wonder, then, that the tantalizing peak dared her to conquer its slopes.

Just days after their arrival, Augustus Voorhees, J.D. Miller, and Frank M. Cobb decided to climb Pike's Peak, perhaps as much to break up the monotony of camp life as to scale this 14,110-foot giant. On July 10, they reached the summit during a violent hail storm. Alone in the sky, some two miles above the wagon train they left behind, the three men carved their names into a stake and planted it in a pile of stones on the summit of the mountain.

AFTER THEY RETURNED, stories of their journey sparked Julia's imagination. She persuaded J.D. Miller to act as her guide. On the morning of August 1, as the sun edged over the eastern plains, Julia, James, and J.D. fastened their packs and left Camp Creek. Forgetting to fill their canteens, they soon battled thirst and fatigue. In their search for water, the hikers veered away from the route J.D. and his friends had used and found themselves completely lost. They had to retrace their steps and try again, losing much of the daylight in the process. Finally they found a steep canyon with a stream running through it, where they camped for the night. Julia describes the mountainside beneath the stars: "I am reclining before some blazing pine logs beside a torrent in a mountain canyon several hundred feet deep.... The trees and sky almost seem to strive together in preserving a deeper silence. But there is music from the foaming stream, sounds from a dozen little cascades near and far blend together—a thundering sound, a rippling sound, and tinkling sounds there are and a thousand shades of sound to fill up between them. The burning pine crackles and snaps, showering sparks, cinders and even coals around and all over the sheet I am writing on, as if to mock the tame thoughts they light me to write."

The next morning, they left the canyon and continued their journey. Julia became entranced by the simple, natural features surrounding her, a blue wild flower, her voice echoing in Amphitheater Canyon, snow flurries, the establishment of their little camp named Snowdell near the crest of Pike's Peak, and the view of the plains far below. "We can look on the landscape of Kansas plains, our view hemmed only be the blue haze of the atmosphere and extending perhaps two hundred miles. The beauty of this great picture is beyond my powers of description. Down at the base of the mountain the corral of fifteen wagons, and as many tents scattered around it, form a white speck, which we can occasionally distinguish. We think our location grandly romantic."

Julia and her husband reached the summit of Pike's Peak on August 5, 1858, leaving everything except their writing materials and a copy of Emerson's Essays at their camp. Squalls of snow and heavy fog hindered their view and the bitter cold motivated them to return quickly to the comfort of Snowdell, but before they left, Julia gathered her thoughts, reflecting on the grandeur of her accomplishment. She read aloud several verses from Emerson:

> "A ruddy drop of manly blood,
> The surging sea outweighs;
> The world uncertain comes and goes,
> The looser rooted stays."

Leaning against a rock in the gusting wind and cold, Julia wrote a letter to her mother back in Kansas. "Pike's Peak, August 5, 1858. I have accomplished the task which I marked out for myself, and now I feel amply repaid for all my toil and fatigue. Nearly everyone tried to discourage me from attempting it, but I believed that I should success; [sic] and not [sic], here I am, and I feel that I would not have missed this glorious sight for anything at all."

They returned to camp filled with great pride. Their fellow pioneers, though, did not share their sense of accomplishment. They had given up all hopeof finding so much as a

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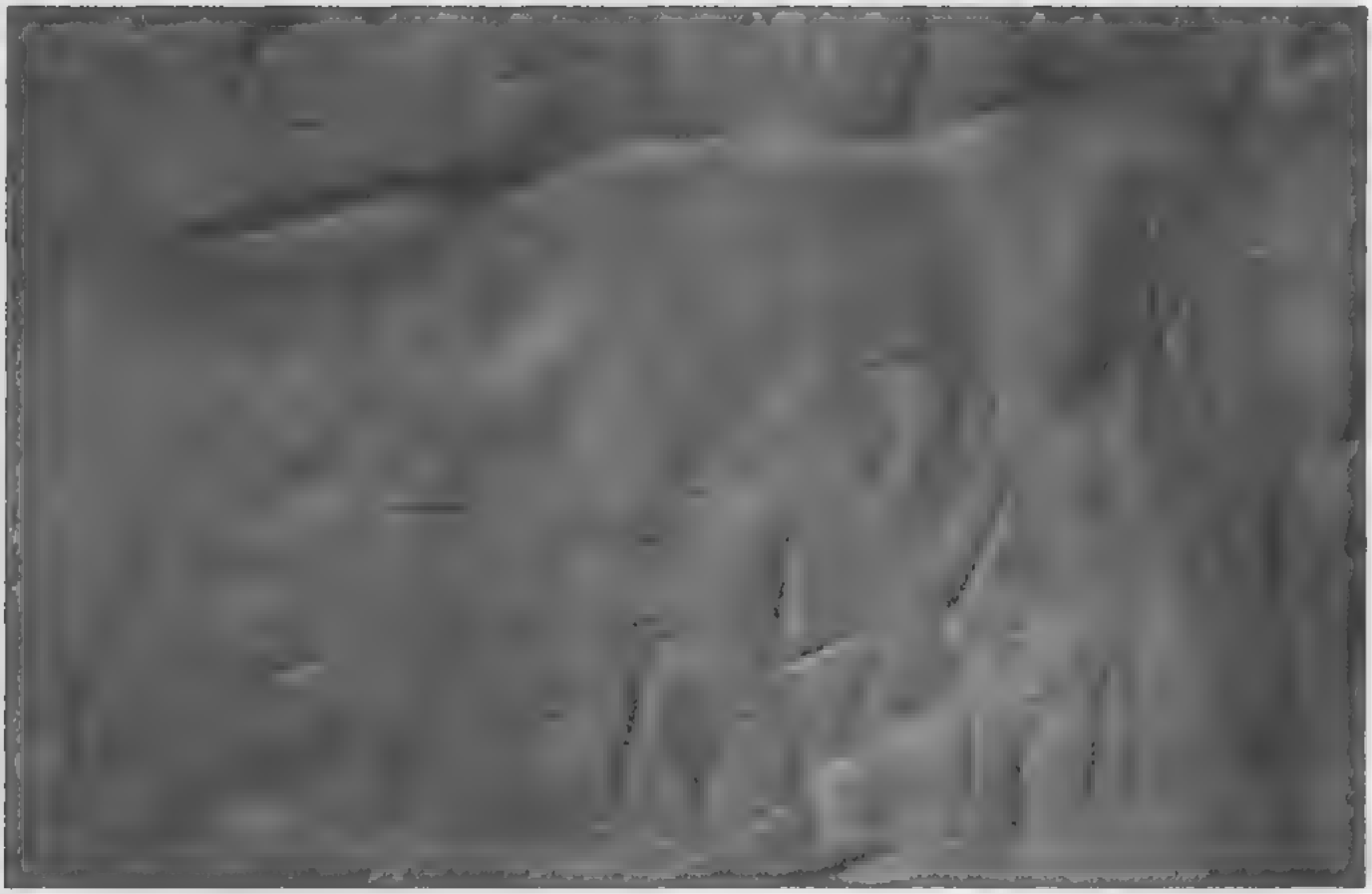


Author's photograph

Inscriptions made by the Lawrence party during their stay at Camp Creek.

speck of gold on Pike's Peak. Some went north to Cherry Creek where rumors of gold dust floated downstream. Others returned to their Kansas homes. Stories of Colorado gold continued. The famous "Pike's Peak or Bust" gold rush reached full steam less than one year later.

James and Julia bid farewell to their companions and trekked south to New Mexico. James was eager to play a part in the changing political scene. Thus, in April 1861, James, Julia and their two children left New Mexico and traveled east to Washington, DC, where James secured the position of secretary of the Territory of New Mexico. The Holmeses returned to Santa Fe on October 18, 1861. James went on to publish the *Santa Fe Republican*, while Julia worked as a correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Julia later wrote of her travels, "...after having passed many dangers seen and unseen...I for one am glad to be at my journey's end having had enough of traveling to satisfy me for years to come."

But Julia's days of travel were far from finished. Over the next few years, personal letters followed her around the country—Washington, DC, Kansas, and New Mexico, as well as Alabama and Tennessee where James recruited the Fourteenth and Seventeenth regiments of the United States colored troops during the Civil War.

James and Julia finally settled in Washington, DC. Julia became the mother to four children, but only two survived to adulthood. Difficulties in their marriage eventually convinced James and Julia to divorce. In later years Julia became famous as a poet and women's rights advocate. She and her mother are listed as delegates of the first women's suffragist convention ever held in Washington, DC, on January 19, 1867. Julia was later appointed to a position in the Bureau of Education. In 1876 she made a documented $1,200 per year—an exceptional amount of money for a woman.

Throughout her life, Julia redefined the limitations of women in society. As an active suffragist, public official, journalist, essayist, poet, and great adventurer, Julia never looked for boundaries in her life, only summits to be met and exceeded. But the accomplishment for which she is most famous still inspires women around the world today. As the first recorded woman to reach the summit of Pike's Peak, Julia proved there is no mountain too high nor dream too far that it can not be reached with faith, hope, and determination.

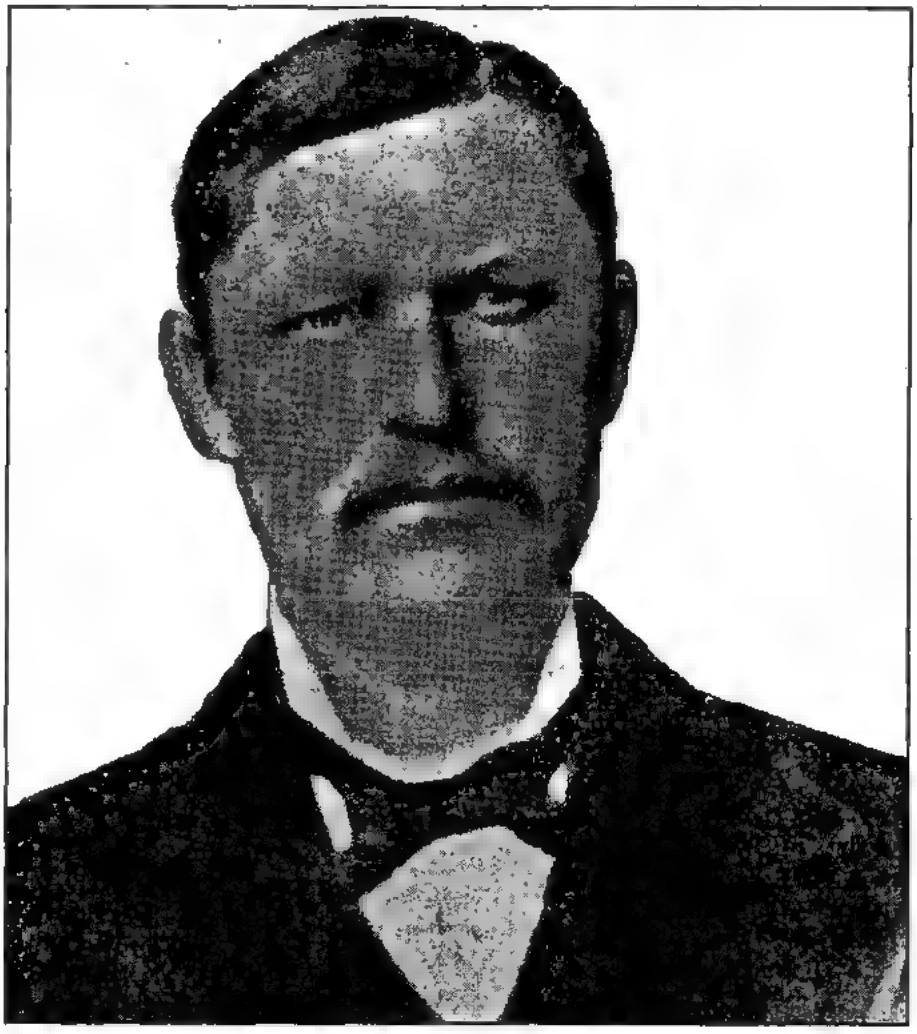
TOM PICKETT: FRIEND OF BILLY THE KID

Tom Pickett was a most unlikely man to turn outlaw and ride with the notorious Billy the Kid. He descended from a long line of preachers and religious leaders and totally lacked the requirements usually associated with a killer.

His grandfather, the Reverend Willis N. Pickett, was born in Georgia in 1779. He traveled the country organizing churches and often had to engage in the occupation of farming to supplement his meager salary as a roving preacher.

He moved to Owensboro, Kentucky, along the bank of the Ohio River west of Lexington. Here Tom's father, George Bible Pickett, was born on July 9, 1832. In 1842 the Reverend Willis Pickett removed to Red River, Texas, near Clarksville, where Mrs. Pickett died and Willis later remarried and fathered four daughters.

The Scarborough family of Arkansas had also moved to Red River. They had a daughter named Cordelia who was a homely, stern-faced woman with as much religion as Willis and George Bible. George met and fell in love with Cordelia, who had been born on July 20, 1833. They were married on July 4, 1850.



Author's Collection

Thomas Pickett as he looked at middle age.

The country was mostly unsettled, and George made a trip into Wise County to ascertain its economic possibilities. He decided his future lay in Wise County and moved his family there to a small cabin north-west of Clarksville, later renamed Decatur. They organized the first outdoor religious meetings and later became instrumental in creating the first churches and schools.

Tom was born in Wise County on May 27, 1856. There were ten children in all: Willis N. was born in 1852, Mary F. 1854, Tom (no middle initial) 1856, Lucy Elizabeth 1860, George 1862, Jessie 1866, America 1868, Guetus 1869, Augustus 1871, and Electra in 1875.

George settled into ranching and his fortunes flourished. He was listed as being one of the two biggest ranchers in the area. He later

By Don Cline

became a justice of the peace and a member of the Texas legislature.

While growing up, Tom and his siblings were subjected to daily religious instruction at home and attended all church meetings.

When the Civil War erupted George Bible was appointed as an officer to organize companies for the battle. He later joined the Frontier Battalion of the Texas Rangers (as an enlisted man) and then an officer in a volunteer unit attached to the Rangers to combat Indian problems.

On April 1, 1876, Tom followed in his father's footsteps by enlisting in Company B of the Texas Rangers, commanded by C.H. Hamilton. He was discharged on August 31, 1877, after tenure of a year and three days. He left the Rangers owing $27.80 to J E. Martin, $77.65 to D.R. Long, and $57.45 to W.B. Pope.

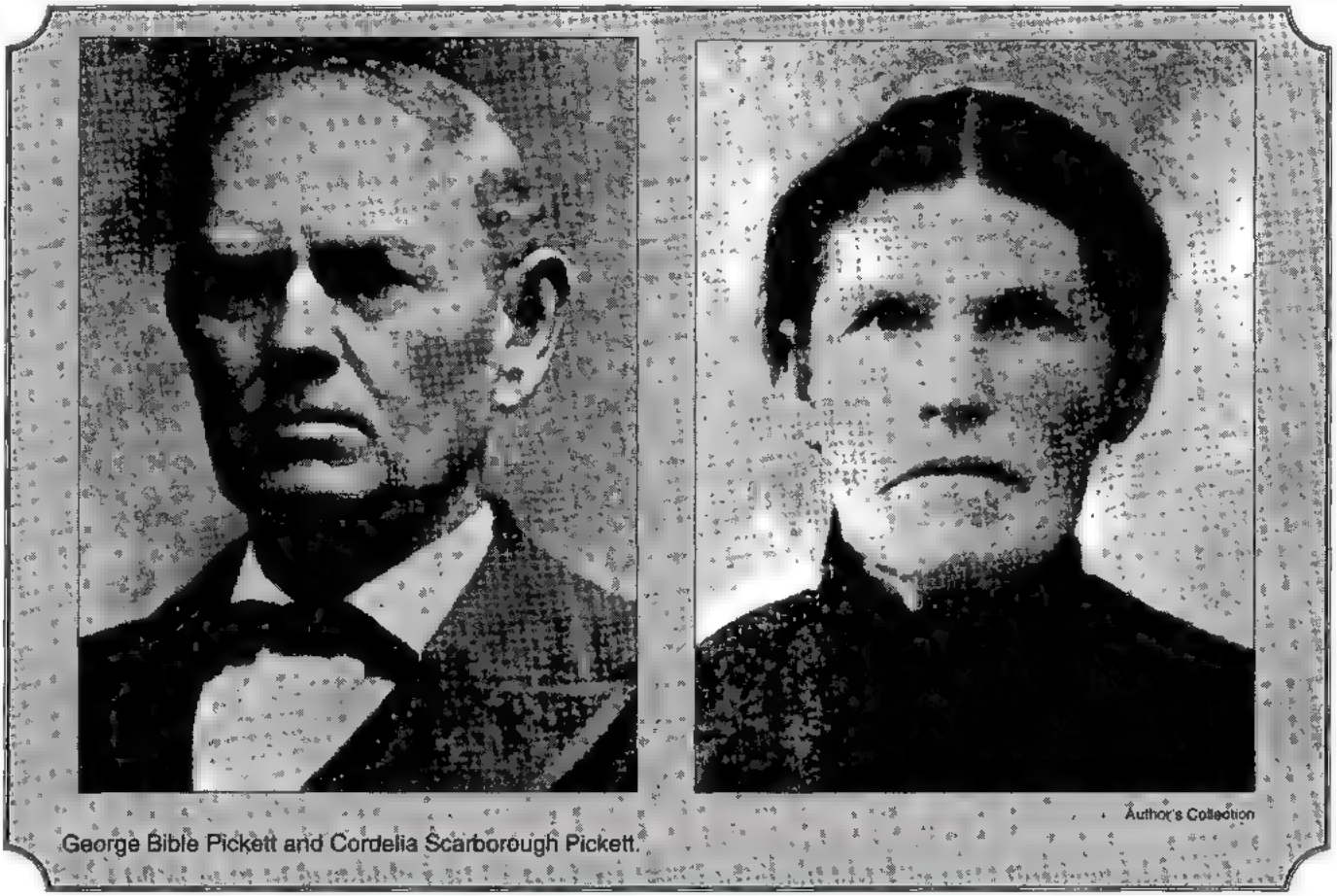
His first recorded allegation of criminal activity is listed in the Cooke County Criminal Docket Book in August 1876. Here he was charged with three counts of stealing cattle, plus two of the same in conjunction with a Frank Roberts. Tom never stood trial He was still in the Rangers at the time, and these allegations might have led to his brief service with the Rangers.

Legend has it that George Bible had to mortgage the entire ranch to make bond for Tom. This is disputed by Pickett descendants who say George never put up any bond. The census reports show George a wealthy man before and after this time, and bail was usually set at $200-$300, for which he could easily have paid cash. The 1880 census shows his ranch as never mortgaged.

There is a blank period after Tom left the Rangers where some stories claim he went to Oklahoma and rode with Dave Rudabaugh, but no documentation has been produced to support these assertions. It is known that he was in Las Vegas, New Mexico by the fall of 1879 as a merchant policeman. Las Vegas was a wild, stopping place along the Santa Fe Trail, filled with outlaws, ranchers, cowboys, merchants, gamblers, and killers.

The San Miguel County Commissioners' Minutes Book for December 28, 1879, has a notation that Tom Pickett received back pay as a policeman that was due for several months. His beat was in Old Town, also called the plaza beat. He wore a bright blue uniform with shiny, brass buttons on the tunic. Tom was friendly, well-liked, and well-known about town. While Las Vegas was rough and tough, Tom wasn't. At least not yet. He was more of a dreamer than a doer. That would later change. At the moment he was unfit to perform the duties of a lawman. This was evident by what soon occurred.

On the cold night of January 22, 1880, Police Chief Joe Carson and "Mysterious" Dave Mather were summoned to a dance hall on Railroad Avenue in New Town. Carson had had trouble the previous evening with a group of Texas cowboys who refused to surrender their guns to him. The next night the cowboys entered the dance hall and began shooting it up. Men and women dove through the doors and windows.



Author's Collection

George Bible Pickett and Cordelia Scarborough Pickett.

Author's Photo

The stone cabin at Stinking Springs where Tom Pickett and Billy the Kid were captured by Pat Garrett in December 1880.

Carson arrived with Mather, and they demanded the cowboys hand over their pistols. The cowboys commenced firing, and during the battle some thirty to forty shots were reported. Carson was fatally pierced by eight bullets before getting off a single shot. Mather's heavy overcoat had several bullets pass through it, but he remained unscathed. Newspaper accounts vary as to the number of dead and wounded. Three of the cowboys, one wounded, were later lynched. The wounded man was left hanging from the plaza water pump, and the other two were shot down.

Though Tom was not present, being on the Old Town Squad, it unnerved him so that he removed the star from his tunic, took to his bed, and refused to leave. His physician, remarked that if he were given two or three days he would have Tom up and about again. It was three weeks before Tom got over the slaughter, pinned on his badge and returned to duty.

Local papers quoted Tom as saying he was back at work again and that Las Vegas was good enough for him. This newly discovered burst of enthusiasm did not last long for in mid-May he resigned to become assistant city marshal in the even wilder town of White Oaks in Lincoln County, Territory of New Mexico. He lasted a mere month before a Las Vegas paper reported he got scared and quit:

"Tom Picket [sic] the hero of many escapades in Las Vegas while acting as a cop on the plaza squad, had a shaking up at White Oaks. A bullet left its trace on his cheek, and Tom has about made up his mind that he would rather be an angel than a policeman."

Sometime after this incident he joined Billy the Kid's gang. How they met is not known, but since the Kid spent much time in both locales it probably was in either Las Vegas or White Oaks that they came to know each other. The Lincoln County War had been over for two years and most of the Kid's gang were former participants.

While the Kid and Pickett were alike in some ways, they were vastly unlike in others. Billy was a wild, aggressive horse thief and killer of men while Tom was a mild follower who had yet to take a human life. Only after the Kid was dead did Tom and some of the Kid's companions come together to form another, equally dangerous group.

Two months after leaving White Oaks behind, Tom was indicted in Las Vegas along with his boss Billy the Kid, William Wilson, and Samuel Cook for stealing horses. All posted $300 bail and promptly skipped town. Though Tom would later return to Las Vegas briefly on two more occasions, once against his will, he never stood trial for his offenses.

A few days before Christmas 1880, Pat Garrett and his posse ambushed the Kid's gang as they braved a snowstorm to visit Charlie Bowdre's wife, who was then living near Fort Sumner.

It was dark, cold, and snowing heavily as the gang reined up to the

porch of an old hospital building where lawmen opened fire. Tom O'Folliard received a mortal wound. Pat fired at the fleeing Pickett but missed him when he was blinded by his own muzzle flashes. The gang fled to a tumbled down rock cabin along the banks of Arroyo Taiban (Stinking Springs) where Bowdre was slain and the gang captured by Garrett's posse. They were taken to the Las Vegas jail and kept overnight. Here Garrett released Tom Pickett. It was a decision he later regretted.

Garrett said that Pickett was not a bad fellow but simply in bad company. He told Tom to stand trial for the charges still pending against him there. Tom did not take Garrett's advise.

Instead, the local papers wrote that he walked about the streets freely greeting old friends. Las Vegas lawmen made no effort to arrest him, so Tom departed town before they changed their minds.

Eight months later he was in trouble again in Las Vegas. In August 1880, Tom and a Charles Thomas were indicted for stealing cattle. Tom posted the required bail and immediately fled town, never to return. Thomas' name was dropped from the charge two months later, but Pickett's name was retained.

Following the demise of the Lincoln County War and the sudden exit of Billy the Kid from the scene, many of the former warriors fled into old Mexico where they regathered and continued their trade.

Their territory, according to the newspapers, was southern New Mexico, Mexico, and southeastern Arizona. Their exploits were duly recorded in the *Tombstone Epitaph*, as well as the *Mesilla Thirty-Four*. While individual names were not mentioned, they were referred to as "the rustlers from the Lincoln County War" as well as the "Black Knights of Lincoln."

"They are principally from Western Texas and Lincoln County, New Mexico, from whence they have been driven by an outraged community and now seem to have found the place they had long sought where they can commit their depredations without fear of arrest."

Apparently little, if anything, was done toward effecting their capture. The *Epitah* said they concentrated their efforts south and east of Tombstone, Arizona, and south to Sonora, Mexico. They made their headquarters in the San Pedro Valley due to the heavy road-traffic between Contention, Benson, Bisbee, Charleston, Sonora, and Tombstone. For the first documented time, Tom Pickett engaged in his most heinous act and possibly committed murder.

It was a cold Sunday in January 1884 in Seven Rivers, New Mexico. A party of around a half-dozen outlaws rode into town to take command of Griffith's saloon. They chased out the customers and held the establishment. Four were identified as Tom Pickett, William Wilson, Yank Beale, and Pony Williams. Wilson had been Billy the Kid's main lieutenant.

The outlaws grabbed several bottles of whiskey, mounted their horses, and headed out of town, firing and yelling as they went. Five Mexicans lay dead.

For two hellish days and nights they held sway while the frightened citizens remained indoors. On Tuesday a party of Mexican laborers, engaged nearby in digging an irrigation ditch, came into town seeking supplies. They included Juan Roibal (Roybal) of Puerta de Luna, Reginio Gutierres of Los Ojitos, Saval (Sabal) and Encarnacio Gutierres of Las Colonias, Mequiades Flores and Sisto Gutierres of Los Esteritas, Tiodoso Ulibarri of La Cuesta, and Juan Lettoo of Corpus Christi, Texas.

Pony Williams had stepped out for a breath of air when he spotted the laborers approach. He yelled to his comrades that a gang of "greasers" were coming down the street and to "have some fun with them."

Pickett and company surged out the door with drawn pistols. It was said Pony Williams fired the first shot. Two Mexicans fell at the first volley, and their friends scattered for cover. Two more died before they could reach safety.

Pickett and his friends were seen to laugh as they advanced toward a Mexican crouching behind a horse trough. They fired as they advanced. Then they halted, fired several more rounds before turning their attention to the others. Over 100 shots were said to have been fired before Tom and his pals lost interest and returned to the saloon.

The outlaws grabbed several bottles of whiskey, mounted their horses, and headed out of town, firing and yelling as they went. Five Mexicans lay dead.

A posse was hastily formed but were never able to catch up with the murderers who were thought to have crossed the border into Old Mexico.

Newspaper accounts of the incident recounted Pickett's tenure as a lawman, but failed to mention his crimes. William Wilson was also mentioned for his relationship with Billy the Kid.

When John Poe, then sheriff of Lincoln County, heard of the murders, he stated that they simply never occurred. It was quickly pointed out to him that he was in the Midwest delivering prisoners and thus not there at the time. Poe sheepishly admitted publicly that he had been in error.

Governor Lionel A. Sheldon issued a proclamation of reward for the capture of the murderers but never mentioned them by name. The reward totaled $500.

Some years later Captain Tom Rynning of the Texas Rangers was being transferred to Douglas, Arizona. Before he departed, Pat

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Will C. Barnes

The other Pickett—Tom M. of the Hash Knife outfit. He is marked by the "X".

Garrett told him of the Seven Rivers slaughter and of Pickett's involvement. Garrett told Rynning if he should come across Pickett, to kill him on sight as he was nothing more than an assassin.

In 1902 Rynning received word that Pickett was in Douglas and soon located the fugitive. Rynning sternly told Pickett to leave town post haste. Pickett argued that he had business to attend to first, but Rynning countered by giving him fifteen minutes to get out of town, never to return.

Pickett asked Rynning if he could gather his possessions before leaving but Rynning told him to take only his horse and saddle. If found in Douglas after fifteen minutes had expired, Rynning warned he would kill him on sight. Tom wisely accepted this advice and departed immediately.

Over the years many false tales have emerged surrounding Tom Pickett. Some were that Tom Pickett worked as a cook for the famous Hash Knife outfit during the Pleasant Valley War; that he married a Catherine (Kate) Kelly or a Kitty McCarty in 1885 or 1886; that the woman died in childbirth a year or two later; that he was a gambler at Camp Thomas; that he was pardoned by the governor of Texas for past crimes; that he was a United States marshal in Nevada; and that he had the lower part of his leg amputated. Not a word of this proved to be true.

The Silver City, New Mexico, newspapers ran an article regarding the death of a gambler named Tom Pickett at Camp Thomas at the hands of Frank Tarbell during the 1880s.

"Frank Tarbell, a badman who recently held forth in Silver City, shot and killed a gambler named Tom Pickett, at Camp Thomas, Arizona."

In the records of the governors of New Mexico there is a writ of extradition from the governor of Arizona to the New Mexico governor regarding Frank Tarbell. Should he ever be apprehended in New Mexico he was to be returned to Arizona to stand trial for murder. Tarbell was never apprehended.

Was a Tom Pickett ever pardoned by the governor of Texas? He certainly was, only this Tom Pickett was a sixteen-year-old black boy who was arrested racing his master's horse against white teenager M. Lee's wagon on the Old Chainher's Mill Road outside of Austin in defiance of a city ordinance banning racing horses within city limits. Both were fined by a justice of the peace, who later pleaded with Governor Jim Hogg that they were outside city limits and that everyone in Austin, including the fire department, raced horses. The fines were returned to the boys, and Governor Hogg pardoned Tom Pickett.

The cook at the Hash Knife outfit was a Tom M. Pickett, according to existing records, the president of the present-day Hash Knife, and old timers who knew both men. In fact, they both appear in the same census reports—but in different towns.

The famous photo of the Hash Knife Tom M. Pickett shows him to be leaner and much taller than the real Tom Pickett who was heavier set.

Tom M. was married while Tom Pickett remained single. Tom M. became a United States marshal in Nevada and had his leg amputated. Tom Pickett was never in Nevada and died with both legs intact.

In the 1890 Arizona census Tom Pickett is found living alone in a small cabin outside Graham. He

gave his occupation as "working in cattle, single, and not widowed or divorced." By then Tom was retired from the outlaw trade and had blended into local grassroots politics.

The *Graham County Bulletin* of October 10, 1890, stated that the Democratic party held a convention in Graham for the purpose of selecting possible candidates for office. The meeting was held on October 8.

A central committee was formed consisting of twenty men who could represent their districts in getting Democratic voters registered. Tom Pickett was selected as the delegate for the Eagle Creek area.

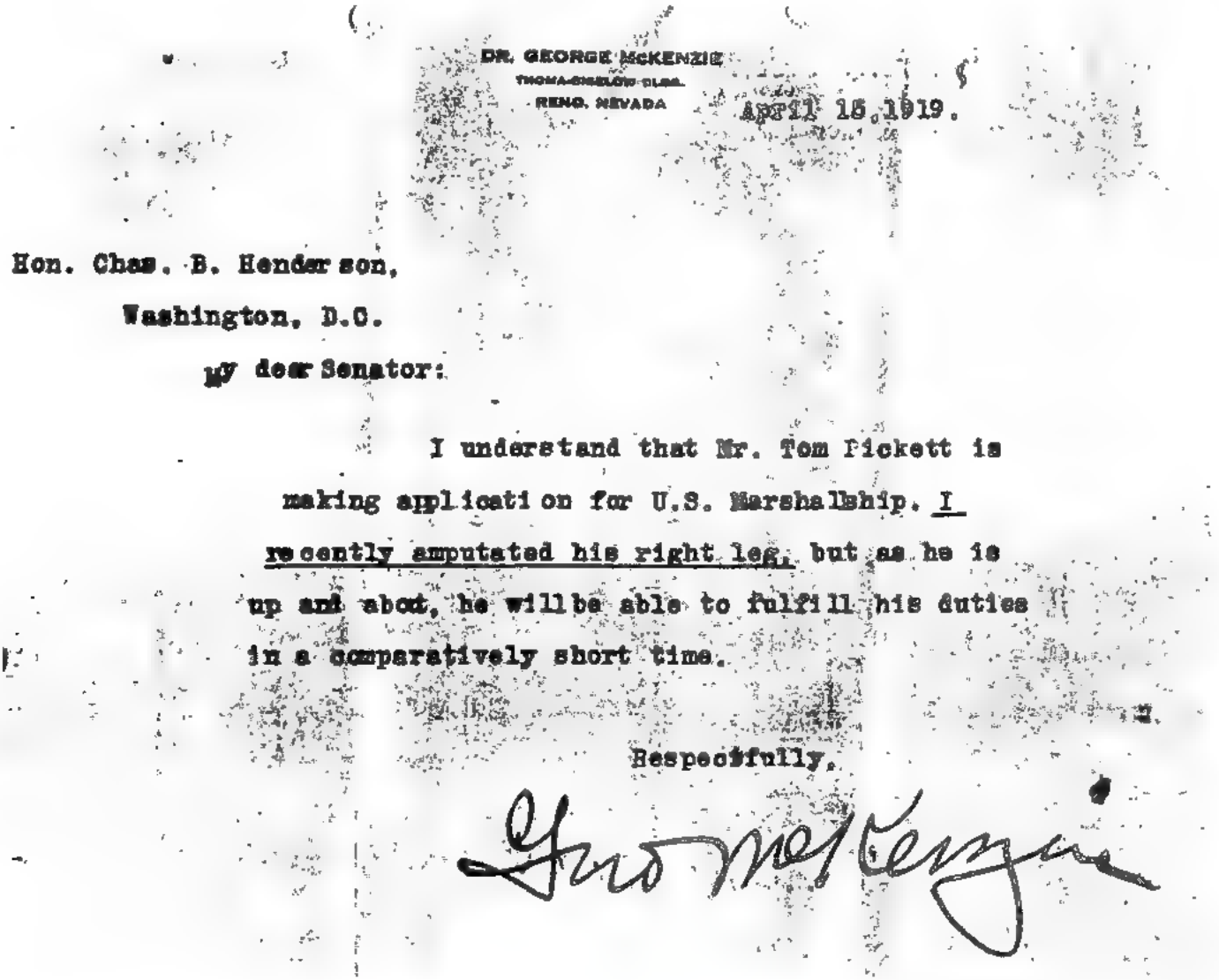
The 1900 census found Tom still living alone in a shack outside Graham and working as a stockman and still single. Tom M. Pickett appeared in the same census—but again in a different town.

Tom M. told the enumerator he was born in 1860 in South Carolina, although he would give the date as November 13, 1862, in his federal marshal application. His parents were from Virginia. He is listed as married, but his wife does not appear with him in the Arizona and Nevada census reports.

Another legend is that Tom Pickett married a Catherine (Kate) Kelly or a Kitty McCarty in 1885 or 1886 in Arizona. She supposedly ran a boarding house in Holbrook that catered to the railroad section crews and she died in childbirth a few years following the marriage. However, in the 1910 census, Catherine Kelly was still alive and well, running her boarding house in Winslow. She was also married—but not to anyone named Tom Pickett.

A search of all Arizona census reports, and the Arizona Great Register, which contains all residents of that state plus state birth, marriage, and death records from 1880-1890 for anyone named Tom Pickett, Catherine (Kate) Kelly or a Kitty McCarty (including all possible spelling variations and names) was completed without success.

Tom M. was shot in the foot in 1887 at Holbrook and duly reported in the April 14, 1887, issues of the *St. John's Herald* and the *Apache County Critic*. A former Mexican soldier named Angel Benegas, run out



DR. GEORGE McKENZIE
THOMA-GIBELOW BLDG.
RENO, NEVADA

April 15, 1919.

Hon. Chas. B. Henderson,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Senator:

I understand that Mr. Tom Pickett is making application for U.S. Marshalship. I recently amputated his right leg, but as he is up and about, he will be able to fulfill his duties in a comparatively short time.

Respectfully,

Geo McKenzie

National Archives Marshal's Appointment Papers

A letter from Dr. George McKenzie, the physician who amputated Tom M. Pickett's leg.

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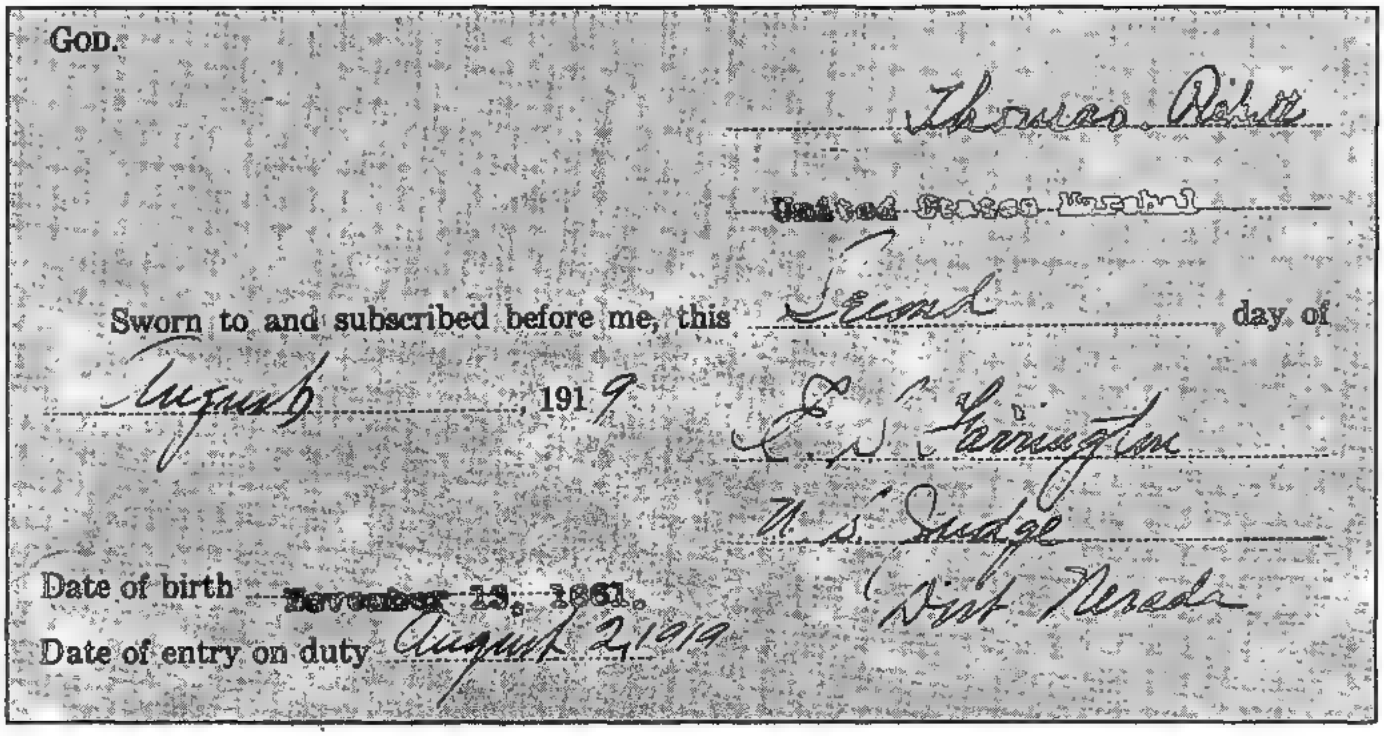
GOD.

Thomas Pickett

United States Marshal

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 5th day of August, 1919

E. W. Farrington

U. S. Judge

Dist Nevada

Date of birth November 13, 1861.

Date of entry on duty August 2 1919

Author's Collection

Tom M. Pickett's oath of office as a United States marshal. Note date of birth and signature are different from that of Tom Pickett.

of Mexico and the army for killing a fellow soldier, hated anglos and decided to attend a local dance. He arrived drunk and took offense at anglo cowboys dancing with Mexican women. He caused such a disruption that he was ejected from the dance hall. He headed toward Holbrook, bent on releasing his anger on the first anglos he found.

He found his targets, including Tom M. Pickett, standing in front of a whorehouse engaged in conversation. Benegas rode up and unexpectedly began firing at the surprised men. Benegas' first shot struck Tom M. in the top of the right foot, piercing it and exiting through the sole. Another shot cut his gunbelt and cleaned it of half its cartridges. The three men returned fire and several bullets from their guns killed Benegas. It was impossible to ascertain whose bullets found the mark so the coroner's jury rendered the only possible verdict they could. "The deceased came to his death by pistol shot wounds, from pistols in the hands of a party, or parties unknown, while unlawfully attempting to take the life of another."

Tom M. Pickett's presence that night in front of a local whorehouse would later be used against him in his attempt to be appointed United States marshal in Reno, Nevada. Infection would later cause his right foot to be amputated.

Tom M. Pickett's presence that night in front of a local whorehouse would later be used against him in his attempt to be appointed U.S. marshal in Reno, Nevada.

Sometime after the 1910 census Tom M. moved to Nevada and was employed by the Nevada Prison System as well as the Nevada State Police. The census still shows him as married though his wife was not with him. He had a politically powerful brother named Sam M. Pickett who had recently run for governor on the Democratic ticket and lost. Sam used his political connections to get brother Tom M. appointed as a replacement for retiring Joe McEachin. His federal file is filled with protests against the appointment. Tom M. not only presented his Nevada Prison and State Police experience as his own, but he stole Tom Pickett's Texas Ranger and law experience and used it as well. Then Governor Samuel D. Boyle accepted his claims as fact.

During this time his right foot had become infected from the old gunshot wound and was amputated by a Dr. McKenzie who expressed his belief that Tom could continue to carry out the duties of such an office. In Tom M. Pickett's federal file is a personal letter from Dr. McKenzie to the governor stating he had amputated Tom's foot and that Tom was, "Up and about and able to fulfill his duties in a comparatively short time." Two newspaper articles were also included regarding the amputation and that Tom M. was on his way to San Francisco where he would secure an artificial limb

Despite the protests, political power won out and Tom M. was

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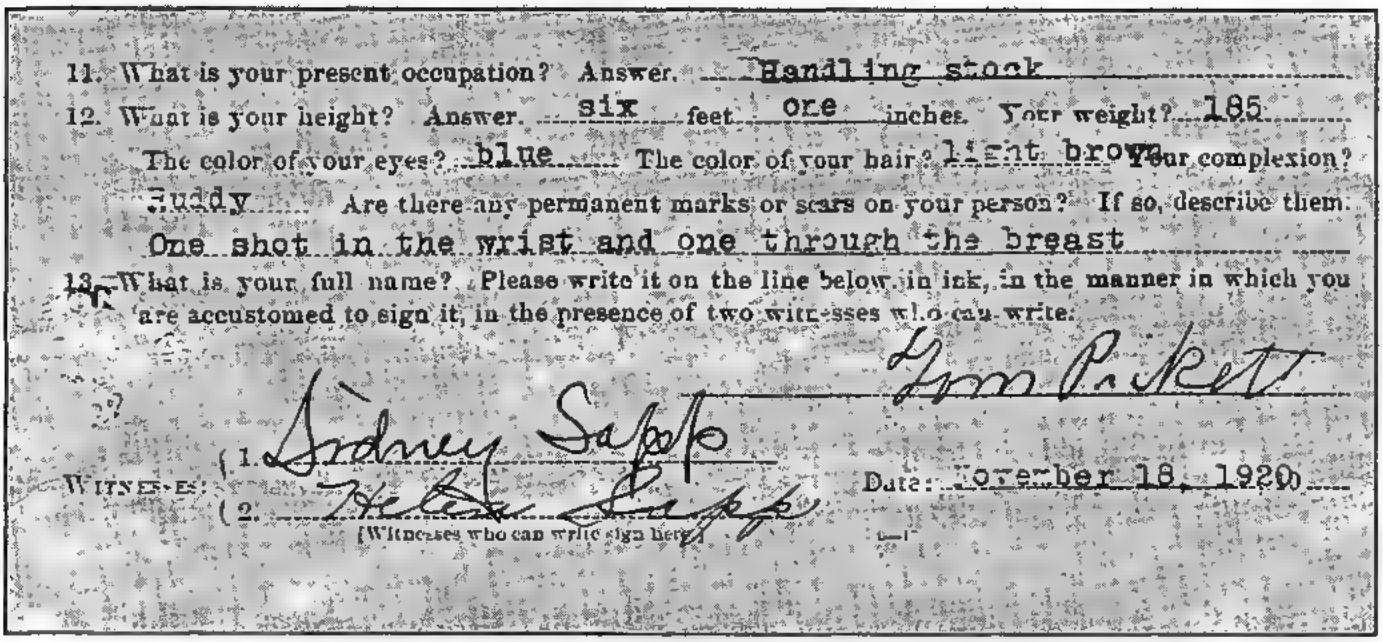

11. What is your present occupation? Answer. Handling stock

12. What is your height? Answer. six feet one inches. Your weight? 185

The color of your eyes? blue The color of your hair? light brown Your complexion? Ruddy Are there any permanent marks or scars on your person? If so, describe them.

One shot in the wrist and one through the breast

13. What is your full name? Please write it on the line below, in ink, in the manner in which you are accustomed to sign it, in the presence of two witnesses who can write.

Tom Pickett

WITNESSES: (1.) Sidney Sapolo (2.) Helen Sapolo

(Witnesses who can write sign here)

Date: November 18, 1920

Author's Collection

Tom Pickett's application for Indian Wars pension.

appointed United States marshal. Even the Democrats were incensed by the selection, and many claimed it would not look good to have a federal marshal who was shot in the foot after visiting a whorehouse. Others realized it was the power of politics that caused it and began to write Washington in protest. They sought a loophole in which to dismiss the appointment. After a while United States Attorney Gen-eral H.N. Daugherty found the solution.

He wrote Tom M. that it was his policy to allow marshals to remain under Democratic control for a period of eight years. Although Pickett had not yet served his first term, this control period had expired on July 2, 1921. His resignation was requested. He complied and promptly faded into oblivion. He would later be resurrected to be confused with the real Tom Pickett.

Tom Pickett was having his own problems in the meantime. In 1892 the government announced that under the Act of March 4, individuals who had fought in the Indian Wars of 1859-1877 would be granted a pension. Tom sought the services of William Fletcher & Company in Washington to act as his agent. Fletcher filed many claims for Tom over the years but was unsuccessful. In 1920 Tom refiled. He declared himself to be sixty-four years of age, 185 pounds, and born May 27, 1856 in Decatur, Texas, but, at the moment, was a bonafide resident of Holbrook, Arizona, in Navajo County. He said he was discharged from the Rangers in 1878 at Elm Creek in Shackleford County and included the incorrect dates of his enlistment. He was forced to undergo several physical exams. One of the early ones listed him at six feet one inch tall, light complexion and hair, with gray eyes. Tom claimed to have resided at "Las Vagus [sic], New Mexico and Holbrook, Arizona" after leaving Texas. He failed to mention White Oaks, Old Mexico, Fort Sumner, and various areas of southeastern Arizona. He also never mentioned he was a wanted outlaw.

He was living at Holbrook at this time, placing him a mere thirty-four miles from Tom M. Pickett, who had undoubtedly heard of him, as well as his Ranger and lawman experience which he later used as his own. Pickett said he was a stockman at the time of enlistment and mustered out at Elm Creek at Fort Belknap.

He erred by stating his eyes were blue, hair brown, with a ruddy complexion. When the physician asked if Tom had any permanent scars or marks on his body two gunshot wounds were listed. "One shot in the wrist area and one through the breast."

A later exam would go into these wounds in greater detail.

Washington discovered that his earlier applications disagreed with their files which showed he was born in Texas, was age twenty at time of enlistment, six feet in height, light complexion and hair, dark eyes, enlisted at Jack County (not in Wise County) and he claimed to have been a farmer at time of enlistment. None of the applications agreed with each other.

He was asked whether he had ever been married and Tom replied, "I was never married." Washington asked how he wanted his name to appear on their records and he simply replied "Tom Pickett."

To further identify himself as the same Tom Pickett who had served in the Rangers he had to supply Washington with the sworn statements of two men who had served with him. He chose James T. Campbell and Nute J. Jones. Then Washington again requested verification of his Ranger experience since none of the dates and places he gave matched. They wanted to know if he had any military history,

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place of birth, age, personal description, occupation at time of enlistment, and a tracing of his signature.

Washington had buried him in such red tape for years that Tom had not received a penny of the pension due him. He relocated to Springerville, Arizona, and changed attorneys to Clarence H. Jordan of Holbrook. Jordan notified Washington that Tom had recently moved and had not received the latest batch of forms and could not remember the number of his case.

Washington forwarded more forms and asked if any member of his family had ever served in World War I. After five long years of drowning in political quicksand Tom was finally granted a twenty-dollar-a-month pension. For the next twelve years Tom continued to file requests for a higher pension and was successful on several occasions.

His health was failing rapidly and he begged to be allowed to enter the federal Whipple Hospital at Prescott, Arizona, but was denied each time. He appealed again in 1927.

By then Tom was seventy-one years of age and his health was deteriorating rapidly. Now he said that upon leaving the Rangers he resided in McNary, Arizona, and Las Vegas, New Mexico,—again omitting all other locations. He made an attempt to embellish his law experience by claiming he had been a deputy sheriff, constable, and a city marshal. He said he was "Wholly unable to earn support." Another physical exam diagnosed him as having "Bad eyes, bad partially paralyzed right shoulder."

In 1927 the government requested another physical exam. Dr. G.M. Pickering complied and forwarded the results to Washington.

Federal officials claimed they never received it; therefore, they ordered another be made and sent Tom to a Dr. Sharp. This exam gives us a complete and detailed physical description and medical history of Tom that put the legends to rest. Tom was seventy-three at the time and measured in at an even six feet. Body weight remained constant. Hair and eyes were described as gray in color. Dr. Sharp reported Tom had been a former Texas Ranger but was currently unemployed and unable to work.

His medical records show his general overall appearance was bloated but his nutritional state appeared good. Muscular development was atrophied, carriage and posture stooped, and gait slow.

However, the most interesting information came under two headings. The first was under "Gunshot Wounds, Injuries, Amputations": "Gunshot wound lower sternum, exit to left of nipple. Rt. arm 4 in. prox. to wrist joint."

The second was that Tom had no amputations. He again verified that he had never been married.

Some benevolent soul sponsored a trip for Tom to visit Hot Springs, Arkansas, to soak in the therapeutic mineral baths. The *Bulletin* of March 11, 1928, described his return: "Tom Pickett, who had put his 'rope' on as many cattle as the next one in this section, has just returned from a trip to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he went to consult a friend. Tom has many stories to tell of his trip which always gathers a crowd when he starts on them. He declares it is the greatest health resort in the world."

Tom met with success on May 27, 1928, when he was notified that his pension would be raised to fifty dollars a month beginning the following February 18. His medical notation read, "Old age and unable to perform any duties as in the past."

The first known example of his handwriting appeared that year in a letter directed to Earl D. Church in Washington. Until then all the letters in his file had been written by a friend.

> If you will send me more papers I will go over this matter again, the reason for Delay was that we had no post master Mr. Mcnary [sic] Died some months ago, and for that reason I could not get the examination, I lost the Blank 20 that I had and you will kindly send me some more and if some one have been appointed Post Master at this place I will expect that you notify them to appoint a Doctor to Examine me.
>
> Thomas Pickett
> McNary, Ariz.

Washington had buried him in such red tape for years that Tom had not received a penny of the pension due him.

In 1932 Tom relocated at Pine Top where he spent his remaining months. He continued to worry over his declining health and once again pleaded to be allowed to enter Whipple Hospital at Prescott.

It was two months before Washington mailed the requested forms. In the meantime Tom and his friend, a Mr. Halleck, asked again for admittance to the hospital. Washington's reply was to send three more forms to fill out, requesting the same information he had been sending for years. Tom filled out the forms and mailed them. He didn't know that he would never know the outcome.

The end came on May 14, 1935, at 5:30 PM, at Pine Top. Dr. Hendrick, who had attended Tom for the previous nine days, gave the cause of death as nephritis, or inflammation of the kidneys. Tom was seventy-eight years old.

His obituary was filled with misinformation. The reporter gave his age as seventy-six and that he had served in Company B of the Ninth Texas Frontier Battalion. He mistook the Ranger designation for that of a military unit in the Civil War and said Tom was a veteran of that conflict. He then said that

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Tom's only living relative was a brother in Texas.

Tom Pickett was quietly buried in Desert View Cemetery in Winslow, Arizona. None of his family attended the funeral.

Mortician J.M. Drumm notified Tom's brother of his passing, and the reply came back that Tom died intestate and that the family would not assist in the burial costs. Because the government was supposed to pay for a pensioner's funeral, Mr. Drumm forwarded two itemized bills to Washington for payment.

Charges were $60 for a casket, $10 for a vault, $20 for embalming, and another $20 for a hearse.

Mr. Drumm quickly found himself smothered in political red tape. The file shows his repeated requests for payment and copies of his bill. Washington would simply send him more of the same forms to fill out over and over. Five months later, Tom Pickett's federal file ends without Mr. Drumm having finally received payment.

Tom Pickett had been as famous, or infamous, as his former leader, Billy the Kid. His outlaw career outlasted the Kid's by at least ten years, but he was forgotten simply because no one decided to immortalize him in a book. Apparently his family did not mourn his passing. One earlier, interesting fable was added to his undeserved reputation:

Author's Collection

Tom Pickett in his last years.

NELLIE PICKETT
DEATH OF THE MISTRESS OF
BILLY THE KID
DARING CAREER OF A
NOTED WOMAN

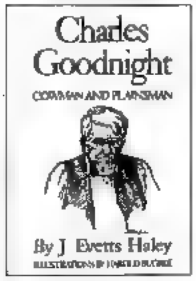
Nellie Pickett, the most noted female character ever in the Territory, died, on August 15, at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, aged twenty-four. She was born in Lafayette County, Mo. When she was healthy, vivacious and pretty she married Tom Pickett and moved with him to Texas. They lived there a year and then went to New Mexico.

At the time of the Lincoln County War, in 1880, Pickett became a member of the band of Billy the Kid, and after the war was over Nellie joined him, and herself became a member of the band of bandits. She was a fearless horsewoman, a crack shot, beautiful, and with a great strength of mind. She ruled the band with despotic sway. Pickett was killed in a fight with officers, when Nellie became the mistress of the First Lieutenant Charles Bowdre. Dressed in male or female attire, as suited her purpose, she acted as a spy for the gang, carrying messages from one rendezvous to the other. When in male attire she always rode in a buckskin suit astride a horse. Bowdre was killed in a fight with Sheriff Garrett and his posse. She was as true to him as his own life. She found his body after the fight and buried it. Billy the Kid finally succeeded in winning her affections. Last year, while a heavy price was on his head, he visited her at Fort Sumner. While there Garrett ascertained the facts, entrapped and killed him.

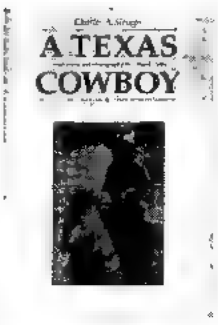
Las Vegas *Gazette*, September 2, 1882.

BOOKMART

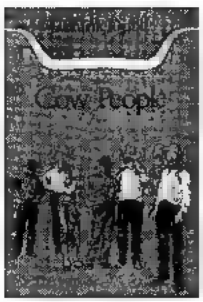
648—DAYS OF GOLD: THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH AND THE AMERICAN NATION. *By Malcolm J. Rohrbough.* In this comprehensive history, Rohrbough demonstrates that the consequences of the California Gold Rush touched lives and communities throughout the United States. He uncovers the personal dilemmas through extensive research in primary and archival sources. Rohrbough considers the Gold Rush the most significant event in the nineteenth century. "Exhaustively researched, elegantly written."—Kevin Starr. 368p. University of California Press. *New Selection!* **Cloth, $29.95**



489—CHARLES GOODNIGHT: COWMAN AND PLAINSMAN. *By J. Evetts Haley.* A veteran of the Texas plains by the age of thirteen, Goodnight launched into the cattle business at twenty, guiding the Texas Rangers at twenty-four, blazing cattle trails nearly two thousand miles beyond the frontier at forty, and at forty-five dominating nearly two million acres of range country in the interests of order. Even at the age of ninety he was an international authority on the range industry. Haley provides a fully readable and important biography, vividly told, thrilling, and completely authentic. 485p. University of Oklahoma Press. **Paper, $17.95**



551—A TEXAS COWBOY; OR FIFTEEN YEARS ON THE HURRICANE DECK OF A SPANISH PONY. *By Charles A. Siringo; intro. & biblio. by J. Frank Dobie.* Siringo punched cattle for Shanghai Pierce, rode the Chisholm Trail, knew Tascosa, once roped a buffalo, and joined in the chase for Billy the Kid. His chronicle of his years as a itchy-footed boy, cowhand, range detective, and adventurer was originally published in 1885. This edition reprints the 1886 Addenda. 216p. University of Nebraska Press.
Paper, $10.00



578—COW PEOPLE. *By J. Frank Dobie.* Dobie, the undisputed storyteller of Texas, recorded here the fading memories of a bygone Texas, the reminiscences of the cattlemen themselves. A native Texan, Dobie had an inborn knowledge of the men and customs of the trail camps. His stories of those men reveal that they were as various as the country was big. This is a classic account and a "must read." 305 p. University of Texas Press.
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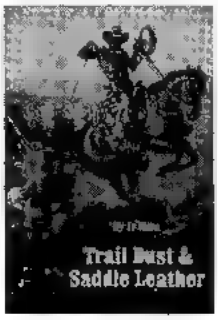

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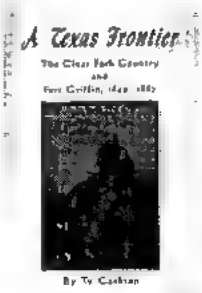

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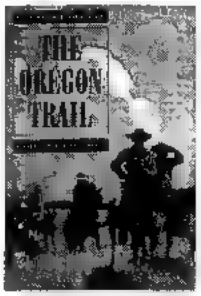

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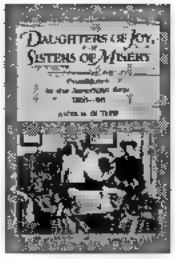

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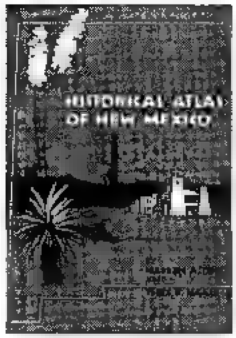

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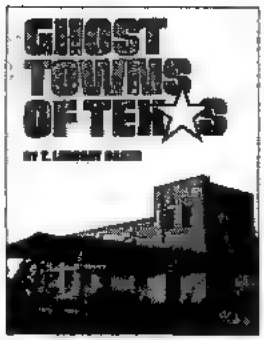

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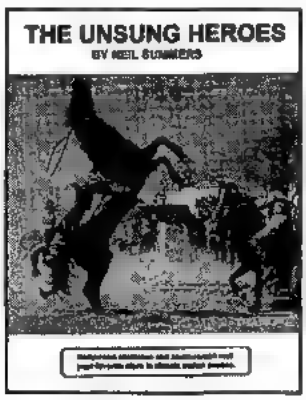

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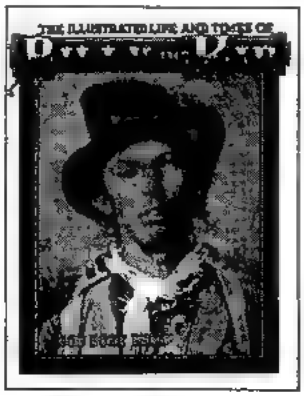

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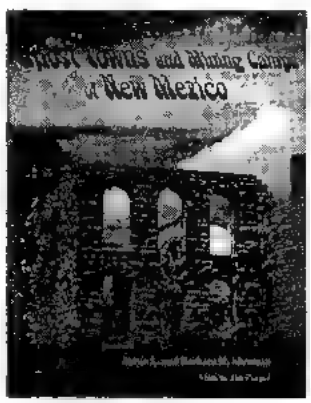

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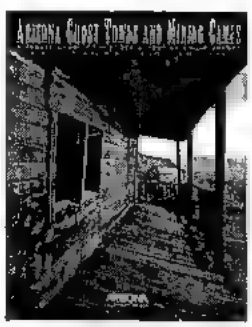

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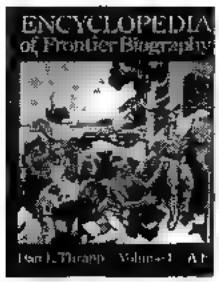

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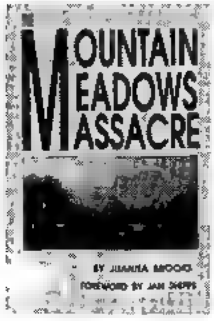

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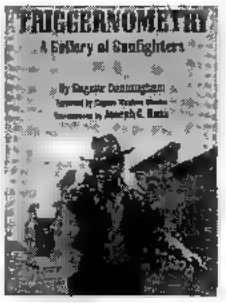

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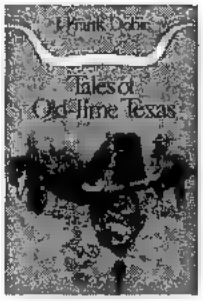

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Tales From a Trail

The Old Trail to Santa Fe. By Marc Simmons. (University of New Mexico Press, Albuqerque, New Mexico 87131-1591. $24.95 cloth bound, $16.95 paper bound.)

The Santa Fe Trail! It begins in New Franklin, Missouri, and ends in New Mexico's charming Santa Fe plaza. Its fame is international, for its thousand-mile length has been the backdrop for inumerable novels, television programs, and motion pictures.

Today, a century after its demise as a functioning roadway, the trail not only still retains an amazing vitality but seems to be growing in stature. In the last decade alone it was named a National Historic Trail and put under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service, as well as becoming the focus of a national organization, the Santa Fe Trail Association. Many books about the route have been published recently, hundreds of markers and signs put up at various sites along the way, and groups and individuals are tracing the footsteps of earlier travellers as a hobby or on vacation jaunts. It's quite an astounding legacy for a route, which although steeped in history, existed less than sixty years and was heavily travelled for even fewer.

Marc Simmons, author of *The Old Trail to Santa Fe,* has had a love affair with the old trail since his earliest days as a historian. He has walked, driven, and flown the route and portions of it. He has read, researched, and written innumerable articles and books on the subject, and he has done much to spearhead the conservation and marking of various trail sites. His hunger for new trail facts, as yet uncovered, is insatiable and as a result he has discoved much new information ranging from interesting minutiae to data to correct erroneous records and reports.

Author Simmon's qualifications, however, do not mean that *The Old Trail to Santa Fe* is a comprehensive volume about the trail. On the contrary, the 194 pages of text contain a collection of essays, with twenty short vignettes of people, places, and events which humanize the trail for the reader. Also included are sixty-five black and white photos and sketches that greatly complement the text, as well as an excellent map that allows the reader to locate sites of many of the recorded events.

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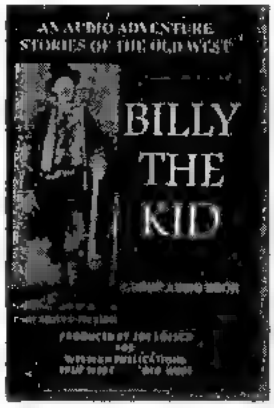

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cinating roadway that traversed the Great Plains to wend its way to exotic Santa Fe.—*Jacqueline Meketa, Placitas, New Mexico.*

Wanderin' Texan

Texas Wanderlust: The Adventures of Dutch Wurzbach. By Douglas V. Meed. (Texas A&M Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843-4354. $29.95 cloth bound, $12.95 paper bound.)

Dutch Wurzbach's name is hardly a household word. He was not a famed Indian fighter such as Crook, nor was he a noted gunfighter such as Ben Thompson or Wes Hardin. Wurzbach was a German immigrant who came with his family to Texas in 1846 to find freedom from the tyranny of Germany. That he actually found it makes for entertaining reading.

Emil Fredrick "Dutch" Wurzbach joined the *Adelsverein* (the German Immigration Society) and sailed to Texas, landing at Galveston on March 29, 1846. The family followed the immigrant's route to Fredericksburg, but eventually settled in San Antonio. At least Dutch's father did. For the itchy-footed Dutch, settling down was the furthest thing from his mind. Following his mother's untimely death around 1849, he was sent to live wih Robert S. Neighbors, one of Texas' most noted Indian fighters. It was here that he acquired his nickname and that the first evidence surfaced of what the Germans term *der Wanderlust.* Dutch Wurzbach quite obviously disliked anything that smacked of discipline, and in time he fled the Neighbors' farm to San Antonio, where he became a leather worker. This too he abandoned to return to his father's home. He fled again when his father planned for him to attend school.

This was the trademark of Dutch Wurzbach's early years. Dutch craved excitement and at times worked as a mule skinner, Texas Ranger, prospector, and mercenary in Henry A. Crabb's ill-fated invasion of Mexico, which attempted to establish a slave empire. He also served during the bloodless Mormon War and was a member of the Vigilante Committee that planned to mete out justice to the men involved in the infamous Mountain Meadows Massacre. Eventually he enlisted in the Thirty-first Texas Cavalry for his last great adventure, the Civil War. Following the war he raised horses, apparently having been burned out on adventuring. He died peacefully in the home of his daughter on April 8, 1930.

Wurzbach married Matilda Stowe just prior to the Civil War. The couple had thirteen children of whom twelve survived infancy. The author, a great-grandson of Wurzbach, has provided a volume of interest to anyone fascinated by the early history of this country. The book is based upon the memoirs of Wurzbach, which he recorded in 1915. Admittedly, Wurzbach was only a minor player in the events noted, but his life should not be taken lightly. Dutch was typical of many men who settled the West. He sought and found excitement, an excitement which Meed ably captures. It took the Civil War to drive the craving out of him.

Meed is a gifted writer with a quick wit, and his book sparkles with a droll humor. This is a biography of a wandering man who saw much of the West during his lifetime. Those interested in the early antebellum frontier will find the book of great interest. Meed has a smooth, flowing style that swiftly carries the reader through the pages. And, while he may be criticized for losing track of his Dutch Wurzbach during various episodes of his life, the digressions are always relevant to the main theme of the book. This is nitpicking however, for we are fortunate that Dutch even wrote down his memoirs. In the final analysis, one is grateful both for Meed's research and for Dutch himself.—*Dave Johnson, Zionsville, Indiana.*

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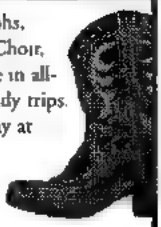

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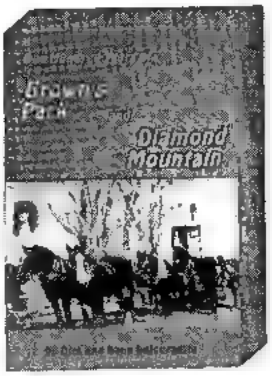

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ANSWER MAN — BY CHUCK PARSONS

"Hello,, Bob!"

Long time reader Vaughn M. Greene, of San Bruno, California, has been a Billy the Kid buff for years. He inquires about the relationship between the Beckwiths, the Olingers, the Joneses, and Billy the Kid.

His question in brief is: John Jones shot John Beckwith, Bob Olinger shot John Jones, and the Kid, a friend of the Jones boys, then shot Bob Olinger. What was the relationship of these people, and what happened to Wallace Olinger, Bob's brother?

The human elements of greed, love, revenge, and the desire for freedom all enter into this equation.

In the spring of 1875, Union Army veteran William Harrison Johnson and partner John Wallace Olinger came to the Seven Rivers area of New Mexico. They were attacked by Comanches while herding their cattle and Johnson was wounded. The Beckwith brothers found the wounded Johnson and later Olinger, who had gotten separated during the fight. Both were taken back to the Beckwith ranch to recover and for protection.

The Beckwith women treated Johnson's wounds, and during his convalescence he and a Beckwith daughter, Camelia, were "smitten" and the couple were married on Christmas Day 1875. Old man Beckwith objected to the marriage because Johnson was a Union Army veteran, while the Beckwiths had been staunch Confederate sympathizers. The age difference may have been a factor in their objecting as well, as Johnson was thirty-one and Camelia was only seventeen.

In 1877, Robert A. Olinger, John Wallace's brother, and their mother, Rebecca Stafford, came to the area, as did Charles "Dutch Charley" Kruling. Thus the Johnsons, the Beckwiths, and the Olingers were all in the same setting.

During the so-called "Five Days Battle" during the Lincoln County War, Robert Beckwith was killed. Old man Hugh Beckwith blamed not his son for his choice to participate in the battle but rather his son-in-law, W.H. Johnson, for getting his son involved in the war. The Beckwith father also felt that Johnson, his son John, and John Wallace Olinger were trying to take over the Beckwith cattle operation for themselves. The hard feelings terminated on August 17, 1878, when Hugh Beckwith killed his son-in-law, William H. Johnson.

Close by was his friend John Wallace Olinger, who took up the fight and shot Hugh Beckwith in the face but did not kill him. Olinger surrendered to authorities but

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because Lincoln County had no jail, jailer, or funds to prosecute, he was released.

John Beckwith and John Jones were partners in a herd of cattle during the summer of 1879. An argument started during a round-up, Jones accusing Beckwith of branding cattle they jointly owned with Beckwith's personal brand. Both men were armed, and although Beckwith drew first, John Jones killed him with his shot.

On August 29 John Jones decided to turn himself in to authorities and stopped at the same cow camp where only days before he had killed John Beckwith. Cowboy Milo Pierce had stated he felt threatened by Jones, and when the opportunity came, Robert Olinger shot and killed Jones. He claimed that Jones was going to kill Pierce and thus acted to defend his friend.

Thus we have the three families of Beckwith, Johnson, and Olinger all in the same place and same time and death being dealt among them. Olinger was later killed by Billy the Kid, but not to avenge the death of his friend John Jones. Olinger was killed during the Kid's escape from the Lincoln County courthouse/jail. Revenge really had nothing to do with it.

Camelia Beckwith Johnson, William H.'s widow, with their two children, relocated in Ohio where William Johnson's parents lived, but then in 1883 returned to Seven Rivers. She then married John Wallace Olinger and they settled in the Las Cruces, New Mexico, area. They were divorced in 1913, and John Wallace moved to California where he died at the age of ninety-one in a veteran's retirement home at Saltam, California. Camelia Beckwith Johnson Olinger lived until 1939.

An excellent new source for the Beckwith family story is *The Pecos Ranchers in the Lincoln County War* by T. Dudley Cramer.

The Wild Bunch

Back in October 1996, I requested readers to help in determining when the term "The Wild Bunch" was first used to describe the gang led by Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. The term had appeared in a newspaper article in *The World Herald* of Omaha, Nebraska, in its issue of July 11, 1904. An earlier appearance, but with little circulation, was in an American Bankers Association annual report from November 1902. The following is shared with us courtesy of Littleton, Colorado, reader John A. Lamb:

> Kid Curry was of course one of the 'triumvirate' leaders of the Wild Bunch along with Butch and the Sundance Kid. In the Spring of 1904 when Kid Curry was recovering from his escape from the Knoxville jail at the JL- (J. L. Bar) ranch he dictated or wrote a letter in which he blasted the Pinkertons and referred to the 'Wild Bunch.' Quoting from a Harvey Logan letter:
>
> 'i am Personaly acuantid with What he [William A. Pinkerton] calls the Wild Bunch...'
>
> Logan therein recognized the 'Wild Bunch' as an accepted name for the organization.

Undoubtedly oral usage of the term preceded any written usage of the term. Mr. Lamb adds that he personally questions the use of another term to describe the gang, "The Train Robbers Syndicate," as ever being used by the Wild Bunch organization. We welcome readers to alert us to an earlier usage of the Wild Bunch term, prior to the bankers annual report of 1902.

Courtesy Robert G. McCubbin Collection

Tony Neis, left, and Bob Olinger, last victim of Billy the Kid, sat for this photograph in Santa Fe, New Mexico, February 1881.

Sacajawea

Ronald Mance of Cicero, Illinois, inquires about Sacajawea, the famous female Indian guide for the Lewis and Clark expedition. "When did she die? Some people say she lived a hundred years. Is that true?"

Sacajawea was born about 1780 (no one can say for sure as the custom then did not record her complete birth date) and she died on April 9, 1884, over a century later. She was a Shoshone and accompanied the expedition but not alone, as her husband, Touissaint Charbonneau, was with them as an interpreter.

When she died, Sacajawea was buried in the Wind River Cemetery near Fort Washaide, Wyoming. Her adopted son, Bazil, is also buried there as are other members of the

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family. The graves are all marked.

Mickey Free

Reader Sharon Franks, from Niota, Illinois, inquires if there are any biographies of Mickey Free, a nineteenth century scout.

Free was a son of Jesus Martinez and a man named Tellez and was born in Sonora, Mexico, about 1847. After the death of Tellez, the widow Martinez and her children, son Felix and daughter Teodora, moved to Arizona Territory where she entered into a liaison with prospector-farmer John Ward. On January 27, 1861, Felix (Free) was kidnapped by Apaches at about fourteen years of age.

The boy was held captive and became acculturated to the Apache way of life. The origin of the name "Mickey Free" is unknown. In his early manhood, on December 2, 1872, he enlisted in the Apache scouts and earned the rank of sergeant. He became associated with the famous Al Sieber and served more or less continuously until 1893. He was a member of General Crook's Sierra Madre expedition of 1883 and also accompanied Chatto and other Apaches to Washington, DC, in 1886.

As a youth he was blinded in the left eye, was generally of a disreputable appearance, light complexioned with long reddish-blond hair and gray eyes. He eventually fathered two sons and two daughters.

The only book length study of Free remains A. Kinney Griffith's *Mickey Free Manhunter*, published by The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1969. Allan Radbourne published an excellent article on the parentage and origins of Mickey Free in the English Westerners Society's *Brand Book*, London, 1972.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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C.O. Finley and John Means had been hunting bear in the Davis Mountains of far West Texas for years. And the hunt that began on October 29, 1890, was no exception.

THE LAST GRIZZLY

BY GAYNE C. YOUNG

With their horses exhausted from the chase, C.O. Finley and John Means dismounted and stumbled down the rocky bluff, towards the howls and yelps of the dogs. From the dogs' tone, they could tell they had cornered a bear, and the men, guns in hand, rushed towards the commotion. Suddenly, the dogs' yelps of excitement changed to that of fear, and most of the pack ran back up the hill away from the unseen animal. Means and Finley, still descending the steep canyon wall, urged the dogs back towards the bear that they still couldn't see through the thick scrub brush below. The thin mountain air of West Texas was suddenly cut with the sound of a dog that had been mortally wounded, and again some of the pack ran back up the cliff, away from the commotion. As they hurried through the thick vegetation, the two men wondered aloud what the dogs had at bay. What could make dogs, trained to hunt bear, turn and run in fear? And what, still unseen, had possibly just killed one of the dogs?

C.O. Finley and John Means had been hunting bear in the Davis Mountains of far West Texas for years. And the hunt that began on October 29, 1890, was no exception. The men's bear hunts had become an annual event that friends and families looked forward to all year. The hunts were a family affair that included men, women and children, old and young alike.

Friends of the two men's families came in from as far away as Fort Worth and San Antonio to partake of the week-long hunts in the cool fall air of the West Texas mountains. Ministers were invited along as well, in an attempt to keep things in a Christian manner. Finley commented to his brother on this practice in a letter detailing their hunt: "[we] invited one or two ministers a year to our camp which was as clean and free of bad language as possible." Liquor was also prohibited during these week-long hunts. "Never an oath was heard nor a bottle of whisky came to our camp."

The absence of spirits didn't damper the party atmosphere that

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often accompanied these hunts, for the bear hunters and their companions had dances with musicians almost every night. Mostly square dancing was exhibited once an area was cleared away after a large and hearty meal that was prepared all day long by "plenty of good Mexican cooks," who were brought along with three or four good, old-fashioned chuck wagons.

After a long night's dancing, most of the camp retired to their tents to rest for the next day's activities. Those who had drawn "night hawk" duty often went most of that night without sleep as they were chosen to watch over the some hundred to hundred and fifty horses that were brought along. In the morning, long before sunrise, the horses were gathered up, checked over, saddled, and generally made ready for the long day's hunt ahead.

At the start of each day's hunt, both men, women, and children alike rode after the dogs' trail. But soon, once the trail became too much for the women and children, they left the chase to the others. As Finely told it, "The women and children would stay as long as possible, [on the trail] but not often did they get in a chase after a bear and see him killed; they would drop out and a few of the older men would drop back to take care of them and see that they got back to camp."

In the first four days of this particular bear hunt, Finley, Means, and the lot had done pretty well for themselves killing "...a bear or two and some blacktail deer each day." But on the fifth day of the hunt, November 2, the group participated in what would be commonly agreed upon as the last grizzly bear hunt in Texas, as even then the grizzly was becoming a rarely seen animal in Texas.

By mid-day the dogs were on the trail of something and all in the group pursued with great anticipation. The trail was through rough country that was thick with shinoaks and pine, making trailing the dogs difficult. Means and Finley broke away from the rest of the hunting party and headed to higher ground where they both hoped to better see the pack. About a mile or so ahead of the party, the two men had finally caught up to the pack. They were still in pursuit of the scent and the men rode furiously to keep up.

After running through another thicket the men saw the dogs in a clearing, standing over a dead, four-year-old cow. It appeared that the cow had been killed farther up the side of a mountain and dragged more than a hundred yards to the edge of a thicket. With the dogs circling the area trying to reestablish the scent, the men wondered aloud at how large of a bear could kill and drag a cow of that size that great a distance.

The blue-speckled hound yelped in pain as the bear mangled it's neck and jaw, leaving it for dead before lashing onto another.

All at once, the dogs were after the scent and Means and Finley took off after them again, riding like "...drunk Indians to keep up in heating of the dogs." Shortly after crossing the dogs' trail, John Means looked ahead and to his right shouting, "Otie, I see the old devil" The men circled around behind some rocks where they could get a shot off at the bear, but as the perfect opportunity presented itself, the bear was gone. The two men rode feverishly ahead, coming to the area where the bear had been. There, most of the dogs sat in fear. Only four dogs out of a pack of an estimated fifty-two continued to give chase. The two men forced the dogs back towards the bear.

Means and Finley frantically trailed the dogs down the steep hill-

IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF *TRUE WEST*:

Alias Tom Ricketts: The True Story of Dan Parker. **By Bill Betenson.** A look at the life of outlaw Dan Parker, probably best known as the younger brother of "Butch Cassidy," from a family member's point of view.

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True West Legends: Wild Bunch Women. **By Donna B.. Ernst.** "Stand by your man" took on a whole new meaning when your boyfriend was a member of the Wild Bunch.

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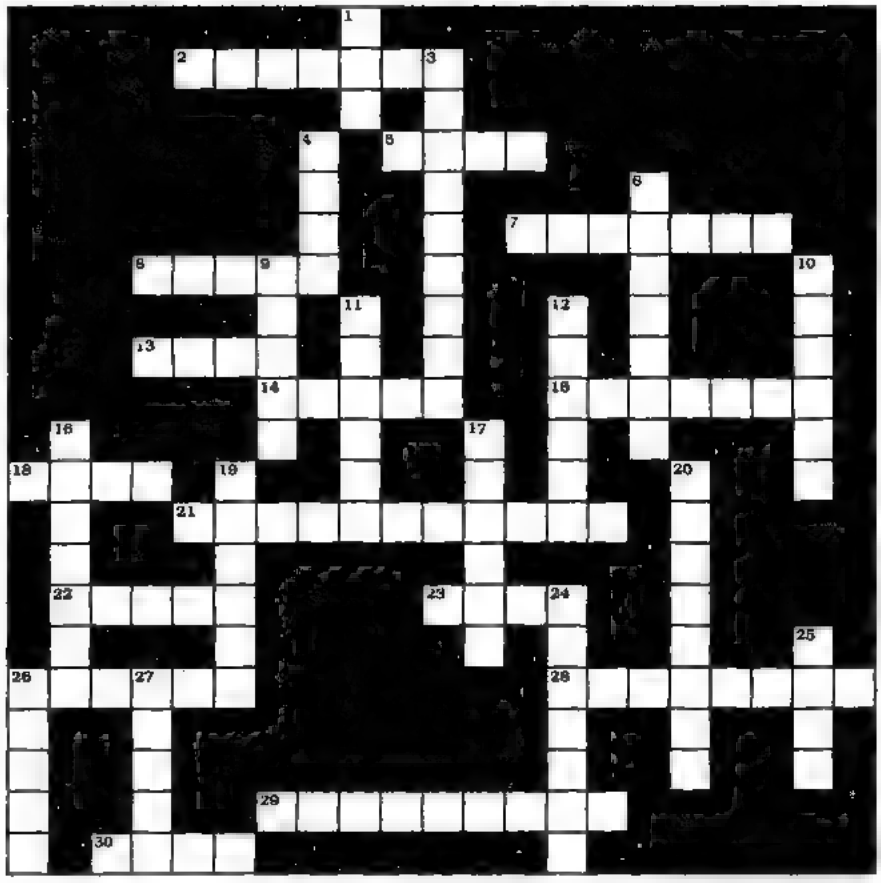
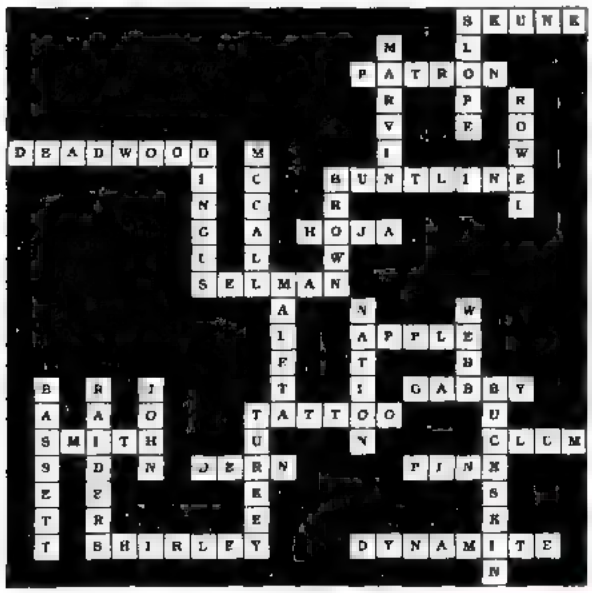


Across

2. Petty theft
5. A buffalo hump
7. Author of *Buried Treasures of the Great Plains*
8. Cherokee Confederate general
13. Spanish rafter
14. Ozark ghost
15. Secretary of War impeached in 1876
18. Cough remedy
21. Lucky Luke's horse
22. Pistol Pete
23. Author of *They Called Him Wild Bill*
26. Billy's first profession
28. King of Cripple Creek
29. Confused
30. Bravery

Down

1. Boil before scrapin'
3. Perfected the chuckwagon
4. Spanish for "chief"
6. Made from maguey juice
9. The forty-third state
10. Beads used for trade
11. "Stagger soup" or "Red ink"
12. Keeps the horse around
16. Bowdre's wife
17. Logging boss
19. Alias Canton
20. A marked deck of cards
24. Analyzes ore
25. "There's _____ in them thar hills!"
26. Played the Ringo Kid in *Stagecoach*
27. Slang for convict



Solution in next month's True West.

Solution to last month's puzzle.

side until they were within 125 yards of the bear. Steadying themselves behind a rock the two men began "pumping lead" into the bear with their 30-30s. Wounded and thrashing in pain, the huge bear "...began to pitch and bellow like a wild bull." Fighting for its life, the bear lunged forward at anything in its way catching one of the dogs. The blue-speckled hound yelped in pain as the bear mangled its neck and jaw, leaving it for dead before lashing onto another. Seeing this the men continued firing into the bear.

Slowly the bear fell onto its stomach and quit moving. The two men climbed down towards the bear, guns cocked and ready to fire, until they were within 100 or so feet of the bear.

"Otie, hadn't I better put one in his old head? He looks awfully big," commented Means.

Finley answered, "No, let's not tear his head up, as he looks awfully big and some of us might want to keep it."

With some of the dogs continuing to pull at the bear with no response, the men knew the bear was dead and moved in for a closer look. Once closer John Means saw the enormous size of the bear and the gray-tipped hairs on it's back, for the first time realizing that it was a grizzly.

"Otie, we have got a grizzly!" screamed Means, throwing his hat up in the air.

Soon after, the rest of the hunting party finally caught up to the two men and cheered them in their unbelievable accomplishment. They helped to skin out the more than eight-hundred-pound bear and take it back to base camp. There they had a great party in celebration of John Means and C.O. Finley, the two men who killed the last known grizzly in the state of Texas.

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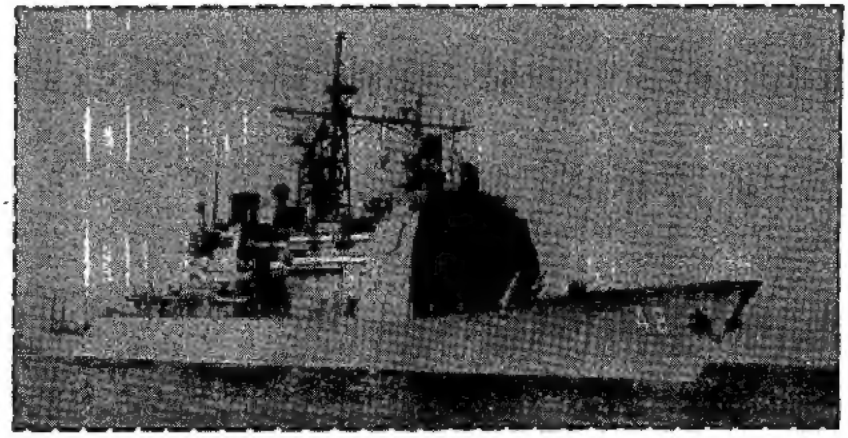

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